TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

THE MODERN MAY DAY.

You must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the dreariest time of all
the sad new year;
Of all the sad new year, mother, the
saddest, dreariest day—
We move on the first of May, mother,
we move on the first of May.

There's many a strong, strong arm, they
say, but none so strong as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's
Kate and Caroline;
But none so strong as husky Alice in
all the land, they say,
To help you the first of May, mother, to
help you the first of May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that
I shall never wake,
If you don't yank me out of bed when
the day begins to break;
For I must gather my knick-knacks up
and fill the old trunk tray,
To move on the first of May, mother, to
move on the first of May.

As I came from the corner, whom think
ye should I see?
The drayman drinking from a can be-
neath the maple tree,
I thought of that good cash, mother, you
gave him yesterday
To move us the first of May, mother, to
move us the first of May.

The men will tramp and tramp, mother,
upon the struggling grass,
And the little blades we've fostered will
wither as they pass,
And if there's not a drop of rain the
whole of the livelong day
We'll move on the first of May, mother,
we'll move on the first of May.

So you must wake and call me early, call
me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the dreariest time of all
the sad new year;
To-morrow'll be of all the year the sad-
dest, dreariest day—
We move on the first of May, mother,
we move on the first of May.
—Chicago Post.

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

"Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks
have said
The King comes home to-day,
The King on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown,
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds
sing
When the King comes back to the
town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is pain and woe,
And the King, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past,
We fain would wait, though the hour be
late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing golden crown;
And tears they shed, as they crept to
bed,
When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept.
Along the moonlit highway
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought
field:
'Twas thus the King came home.
—Florence Tyler.

Our Storiette.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

"Going away again, Paul!" said Mrs. Maypole. "Now I wonder what that is for?"

"Business, my dear, business," answered Mr. Maypole, calmly contemplating the live end of his cigar.

"But you've only just come back from a business tour."

"Helen," said Mr. Maypole, impressively, "women shouldn't be pestering themselves about 'whys' and 'wherefores.' Let it suffice to you, my dear, that affairs of importance call me away. I leave you money enough for any reasonable wife to spend. What more ought a womanly woman to desire"

"Money isn't everything," pouted Helen, "and one does occasionally tire of the society of a boy and a girl of two."

"I'm sorry to hear you talk so, my dear."

"Can't I go too, Paul?"

"No, my dear, you can't."

"And how long will you be gone?"

"Not more than a month, I hope; but that will depend entirely upon circumstances."

Helen sighed.

"Where is Waytesville "

"Oh, it's a little town just off the Hudson River road. Now, Helen, don't tease me with any more questions. This summer twilight has something very soporific in its influence, and I feel like a nap."

So Paul Maypole went serenely to sleep, and Helen kept her solitary vigil by his side.

She packed his bag the next day, according to orders, and meekly received his various directions as to the administration of the household affairs during his absence.

"Don't spend any more money than you can help, Helen," said he magisterially. "Times are hard, and the cash market grows tighter every day. It seems to me that our grocer's bill is unnecessarily large. I shouldn't buy strawberries so long as they remain high. And don't you think, my dear, you could dispense with ice this summer? A dollar a week is a great price to pay for ice. I leave the matter entirely to your own conscience. So good-bye, Helen; take good care of the children, and enjoy yourself as much as possible."

"Yes, Paul, I will," said Helen, with a countenance whose preternatural innocence he might have suspected, had he been thinking of anything or anybody but his august self.

He went off to Waytesville, where Jones and Thompson and Browne and a lot of the "fellows" had told him there was superb fishing and a little spicy flirting into the bargain.

"A man can't work forever," argued our hero, "and if Helen once suspected I was going into the country for relaxation, why, she would clamor to go too, with the babies, and there would be an end of all peace and comfort for me."

But Mrs. Maypole, blind, confiding wife though she had always been, was no fool, and she was beginning to "suspect" more than her liege lord had any idea of. A chance expression or two carelessly dropped from Paul's lips and forgotten, the fragments of a torn letter in one of his pockets, and her own suspicions, welded together, made up a whole that Mrs. Helen secretly cherished in her own heart.

So, no sooner had the train that bore Paul away shrieked itself into distance, than Helen packed up her trunk and sent for a cozy old maid of her acquaintance to come and take care of the babies during her absence.

"What are you going away for, my dear?" said Eunice.

"Business," quoth Helen, sagely.

"All right," said Eunice; and Mrs. Maypole took the evening train for Waytesville.

"I'll look after these affairs a little myself," said Helen.

"Only one hotel in the place?" she asked of the stage driver, who came to meet the train.

"That's all, mem," answered the Jehu. "Waytesville house, mem. Genteel and quiet, charges low, and board fus-rate. Some New York ladies there a'ready, and——"

"Very well," said Helen, "you may take me there."

And Mr. Maypole, smoking on the piazza, little dreamed that it was his own wife who passed him, veiled in her sober traveling suit, that evening.

Helen had her name registered on the hotel books as Mrs. Walbridge from Philadelphia. She took her meals in her own room, and only went out to enjoy the mountain breezes and hay-scented air, when she was quite sure that the coast was clear. The ladies of the Waytesville House fell spontaneously in love with the dove-eyed little widow, as they imagined her to be; the gentlemen became mysteriously interested in her, simply because they never saw her.

"Who is that tall gentleman in the fawn-colored suit?" asked Mrs. Walbridge one day, as coming out on the balcony, she surveyed the departing piscators.

"Oh!" cried Miss Melton, a bewitching blonde, "that's Mr. Maypole, who is so attentive to Minnie D'Arcy."

"Is he a widower?"

"No; what makes you think so?"

"Unmarried, then?"

"Yes, of course."

"Oh," said Helen dryly. "He seems very nice looking!"

"He's as handsome as Adonis," cried Miss Melton enthusiastically, "and all the girls are wild about him. But Minnie will get him. You see if she don't."

"Do you think so?" said Helen, with a little red spot rising to each cheek.

"He's very much interested about you, my dear," said Mrs. Marbury mischievously. "I do wish you'd let me introduce you."

"Thank you," said Helen; "but my nerves won't permit me to participate in society."

"He's going to send you a bouquet to-night," said Minnie D'Arcy; at least he told me so."

And, sure enough, that evening a bouquet of lovely rosebuds was sent in having Mr. Maypole's card attached to it. Helen smiled to herself, and sent back a tuft of honeysuckle, and that was the inauguration of a regular floral flirtation.

At the end of the week a slip of paper was inserted among the harebells and lilies, containing a quotation, and Helen answered it appropriately. Next came a note, harmless indeed, but full of ludicrously exaggerated sentiment.

"It's high time I put a stop to this," said Helen to herself. "I think the Waytesville 'business' must be about concluded by this time, and I want to see my babies again."

So she wrote a graceful note to him saying that she would be in the parlor at 8 that evening. It was a good place for a quiet meeting, for the parlors were nearly all deserted for the cool'er and more airy piazzas. And at 8 precisely Mr. Maypole entered the semi-darkness of the room.

Before the piano in the back room sat a slight figure, clothed in black draperies, a single white rose in her jetty curls. She rose and courtesied as Mr. Maypole approached.

"Need I say——" he began, and then stopped short, staring hard at her, as if it were nearly impossible to believe the testimony of his own eyes.

"Helen!" he stammered.

"Yes, Paul," she responded composedly.

"But—haw—why—when—Didn't people tell me Mrs. Walbridge was a widow?"

"People say most extraordinary things," retorted Helen. "For instance, Miss D'Arcy tells me you are a gay young bachelor!"

If any mortal looked too inexpressibly sheepish for description, Paul was that man at that instant.

"Helen," said he soberly.

"Yes, Paul."

"Let's go back to the city."

"Suppose we do," my dear. That is," the wife mischievously added," if you are quite sure your business is completed."

"And let's take the first train in the morning."

"So soon, Paul! I should like to take leave of some of my friends; and you surely cannot part with Miss D'Arcy without——"

"Bother Miss D'Arcy," cried Paul. "The first train, Helen—for my sake! You've outgeneraled me, my dear, and you surely can afford to be a little magnanimous."

Mrs. Maypole felt that she could; and the next morning all the habitues of the Waytesville House were electrified by learning that Mr. Maypole and Mrs. Walbridge had left town.

Minnie D'Arcy pouted a little, and declared that" Mr. Maypole had treated her very shabbily," but she didn't wear willow long.

As for Paul, he never flirted again; Helen had cured him of that. And the next season, when he went into the country, she and the babies went too.

NOW FOR GOOD POT-PIES.

A Baltmore Woman Has Invented a Much-Needed Crust Supporter.

Many a good cook has failed of success in baking a pot-pie, or meat-pie, as it is sometimes called, by reason of the vexatious behavior of the top crust. In preparing this savory and popular dish for the oven the pan is lined, bottom and sides, with the pastry, the required quantity of meat and vegetables is put in and a top crust is laid over all. There is nothing to sustain this top crust, however, during the increase of temperature in baking, and it often sags down and becomes soaked with the liquid in the pie, in which condition it persistently refuses to "brown," and the result is wholly unsatisfactory.

This trouble is all done away with, however, by the invention of a skeleton

CRUST SUPPORTER.

crust supporter, made of metal, which is adjusted on the top of the baking pan. The crust is laid on this supporter, and it never fails to "brown" all over, for it cannot sag and come into direct contact with the filling of the pie.

There are openings in the supporter, which allow the vapors from the cooking meat and vegetables to ascend into the top crust and flavor it, so that the good qualities of the pie are in no way diminished. In serving the pie, too, the supporter is of advantage, for the top crust may be removed bodily and cut separately while the filled is being dished out.

The accompanying picture shows what this new device is like. It was invented by a Baltimore woman, and is described in the Baltimore News.

How Papa Says Grace.

They were at dinner—he, she and it. "It" was a little nephew on a visit, and during the religious prelude he became uneasy.

"Oh, what a long grace, Uncle George?"

"Is it longer than that which your father says?"

"Oh, yes; pa just lifts off the cover and says: 'Da——'"

"Bertie!"

"Dash, auntie."

"Oh, so your father says 'Dash,' does he?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And what does he say dash to?"

"He says dash to the dish?"

"Why does he say dash to the dish?"

"Well, you know, he doesn't really say dash to the dish."

"Then what?"

"He says: 'Damn! Is this all we've got for dinner?'"

Death of Song.

The rooster crowed at the third night hour,
He crowed at midnight, too;
But to crow at six was beyond his pow'r,
For the tramp got up at two.
—Washington Star.

A WOMAN DEPUTY SHERIFF.

Mrs. Aram, of Oakland, Cal., and Her Influence Over Insane Women.

Mrs. Aram, of Oakland, Cal., is an example of the advanced woman in in the West, and she is now upholding the dignity of the office of deputy sheriff. She obtained this office as other deputy sheriffs do, as a reward for political services. She stumped her county in the interests of the Populists, and in Oakland she enjoys the honor of having electioneered the present Sheriff into office. Deputy Sheriff Aram's duties at present are to convey insane women of Almeda county to the asylums.

Mrs. Aram is interested in her work because she has made a study of insane women and she has shown remarkable ability in controlling them without resorting to force. She can't explain her influence over violently insane women, but she has given many illustrations of it. Speaking to a reporter of her work she said:

"I don't know what to attribute my success to, unless it is that I insist on treating all the insane women as if they were sane. No one told me how to go about the work. I had my own ideas about it, and any one bothering me with theories would have only made me nervous. You never can have a theory with an insane person and be sure it is the right one. They are always doing the unexpected."

Her voice is low and about the size you would expect to fit with four feet eleven and a half. The only sign of her force lies in the snap of a pair of black eyes in her round little face, for she is as plump as a partridge.

"It is the intervals that are not lucid that I watch for. I am like a cat, but they do not suspect it. They return the compliment by watching me for a chance to escape or give way to

DEPUTY SHERIFF ARAM.

violence. They might have been as sane as college professors for all the attempts they have ever made with me."

"Do they respond to your attempts to turn their attention away from those ideas?"

"Yes, and they soon forget even murderous ones in contemplating some trivial matter. They are fond of a change and are as easily amused as children. And their mania? Sometimes they think they are two people in one and they insist that they have two hats and two gowns on at one time. Some throw their arms about for hours and cannot be stilled, and others have hollow eyes and voices, from which all beauty has fled. Beside these hollow-eyed people I have sat as calmly as I do now."

HE MISSED THE FINISH.

But the Drummer Had All He Wanted of the Race.

A prim man with a shimmering silk hat alighted from the train at one of our Maine villages and got into the hotel punge on the rear seat, says the Lewiston Journal. After the hotel proprietor had carefully tucked the man's grips beneath the seat they started. The landlord owns some good horses and so does the rival liveryman, who just then came spanking up behind with a high-headed nag. The landlord got one look over his shoulder and then whipped up.

The chunks of frozen snow commenced to whiz past as the big horse quickened his stride, and the punge slammed into the "thank-you-ma'ms" with a violence that scared the little runner on the back seat. Holding to his hat he leaned forward and lisped:

"Thay, mither, I don't care to ride so fasht."

The driver turned his head over his shoulder and his beard streamed behind like a banner at the fore-peak.

"Do you know who that is behind?"

"No, thir," replied the passenger, dodging a chunk of snow that came like a stone from a catapult.

"Well that fellow is trying to run me out of the livery business in this 'ere town and he tries to whang up by me every time I catch a passenger. I'm holding the ribbins over a hoss that ain't never been beat yit, and you can just bet your necktie that cuss ain't going to crow over me yit awhile." And he gave the horse another slash, braced himself and away the turnout tore down the village street.

All of the villagers knew of the contest that is going on this spring, and so the drummer, through the haze of his blurred vision, saw the grinning storekeepers at their doors. Knots of people were cheering encouragement to both sides; women laughed from windows.

"Now you'r off, Zane!"

"Give it to him, Ike."

"A little more whalebone speed!"

It was a sensational advent into the town—too sensational for the drummer, who swore ineffectually into the tangle of the driver's whiskers. The pitches were deeper and more frequent.

The drummer had to cling to his hat with both hands, and when he struck the crossing at the postoffice he was unprepared. The punge gave a mighty flop, and out bounced the passenger high in the air, striking on his back and rolling in the slush.

The crowd shouted lustly to the hotel man, but he was too busy with his rival to notice that he had lost off his man. He mistook the yells for further encouragement, and, standing erect, he commenced pounding and yelling, too. At last around a bend in the street, disappeared the racers, although their shouts and the whick! whick! of their whips could still be heard.

The bystanders picked up the little runner, some one slicked up his hat as clean as possible and a kindly farmer, with a corner of his horse blanket, wiped off the thickest of the slush.

But he still looked pretty dragly when he started to trudge on toward the hotel. He met the hotel man driving back looking for him.

"Wal, there," said that individual, beaming on him with bland unconsciousness, "I vum I never thought to ask you if you wanted to stop down to the stores. But you hadn't ought to got off, for you missed seeing me whale that feller out in good shape."

Scenery in the Bering Sea.

"Sailing southwesterly along the shore of that haunt of the walrus and polar bear—St. Matthew's Island in the Bering Sea," said a navigator of those waters, "one is impressed by the mingling of the grotesque and the terrible in the character of the scenery. The northwest point of the island is split up into a collection of large rocks of most fantastic shapes. Houses, spires, cathedrals and figures of men and beasts are some of the forms assumed by these volcanic fragments, which, rising above the white seething foam of the sea that breaks against the base, give a weird aspect to the grim and desolate region. One rock resembling a large saddle suggesting to me the thought that some antediluvian giant might in his time have straddled it and, perhaps, fished for reptilians over the beetling cliffs which it surmounts."—New York Sun.

CURED OF BLOOMERS.

How a Damsel Lost All Desire to Appear in Knickerbockers.

Bloomers have been abandoned in one home in the city, at least.

It is an elegant residence on the North Side, and it so happens that all the family, consisting of father, mother, grandmother, son and daughter, are fond of outdoor exercise. Grandmother and mother drive every day, father rides a single footer and the young man and young lady ride wheels.

The last named is 19, and has contracted the bloomer fever so violently that it has become intense. She realized that it was a radical departure and was fearful about suggesting the innovation, but all the girls had them, and she must be "in it." Well, she broached the subject at the dinner table and the expected opposition came. Each member of the family either raised eyebrows, growled disapproval or uttered a stern edict against such things.

She coaxed for days, and at the end of a week had conquered. She was to get the bloomers, and a set or pair, or however you term it, was (or were) ordered from the sewing room. It (or they) was (or were) to be done Saturday. An she fairly beamed with delighted anticipation.

Friday night at dinner, the brother announced that on the first trip he thought he had better accompany her. She shouted for joy. Father remarked that he would exercise a new horse that morning also, and the elderly ladies spoke about having their carriage ordered for 9 o'clock.

At 9 o'clock Saturday morning, aft r and after innumerable half frightened an hour or more of careful adjusting glances in the mirror and somewhat gratified surveys toward the floor, the young lady appeared in the library, where the other members of the family had already assembled for their morning air. In front stood the two bicycles, the horse and the carriage.

As the young lady entered the library there was a gasp of consternation—and it was from her lips, too. There in front of her stood the other members of the family. Her father—her old, gray-haired father—was arrayed in a purple coat with silverbraid bright yellow tights and red top boots. Her mother had a green dress of vivid hue which only reached her ankles, while the old grandmother was resplendent in an old military coat with epaulettes. The brother—horrors! He had fixed up a tight, scarlet suit of underwear which fitted him closely from neck to ankles, and over this was a black sash.

"Are you ready, dear?" asked her father. "You see, we thought that it would be unfair for you to absorb all the attention of the boys and gaping crowds which you will pass and we will share the publicity with you."

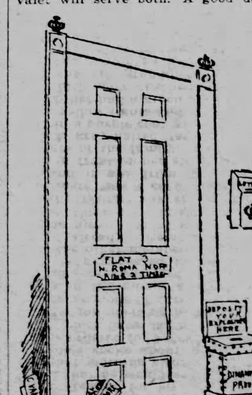
And they meant it. Each member of the family declared that if she went upon the street in those bloomers (they were really knickerbockers) the entire family would hang. Tears availed not, and that young lady was compelled to go right back upstairs and put on a flannel skirt. She threw the conspicuous suit into a closet, and there it lies yet.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A VANDERBILT TO MEET THE CZAR

The Scholar of the Family to Make a Russian Tour.

George W. Vanderbilt, the scholar of the multi-millionaire family, has started to make a tour of Russia. His purpose is to travel on horseback from St. Petersburg to Crimea, where he will study the country's institutions, and dialects. He will also be given an audience by the czar, through the influence of Creighton Webb, a relative of the Vanderbilts. Audiences with the sovereign are very hard to obtain in the Muscovite realm nowadays, particularly since the court is in mourning. Moreover, Mr. Vanderbilt will be obliged to leave his shoes outside the door when he enters the royal presence, but any pedal frigidity he may experience will be rapidly dissipated by the pair of slippers which an attendant puts upon his feet. It should not be inferred that people who see the emperor in Russia must necessarily take their shoes off. That act is essential only on occasions of such special favor as is this one to the rich New Yorker.

Mr. Vanderbilt will rough it on this trip of his. Only his cousin, "King" Kiessam, will accompany him, and one valet will serve both. A good deal of



WHERE GEORGE WILL LEAVE HIS BOOTS.

this journey will be made in the company of Tolstoi, who has for a year past been corresponding with young Vanderbilt, the latter having deep respect to the educational theories of the former. The great literary light of Russia regularly travels on horseback through the country, and the party will go over some hundreds of miles together. It will be a most interesting trip, and the New Yorker will undoubtedly return laden with trophies of all sorts to enrich an already superb collection. This collection, by the way, will be left, it is understood, to various scientific institutions upon the death of the owner.

Spain's Juvenile Ex-Queen.

Princess Mercedes, of Spain, who is now in her thirteenth year, enjoys the altogether exceptional distinction, for so young a girl, of being an ex-queen.

Her little brother, the present King of Spain, was not born until six months after the death of his father, the late King Alfonso XII., and during those six months Maria de las Mercedes held the rank of Queen of Spain.

On the appearance of her baby brother she was obliged to step down from the throne and surrender the title of queen and of majesty, assuming in their stead that of Princess of the Asturias.

The title prince or princess of the Asturias is invariably borne by the heir apparent to the throne, just in the same way as the title of Prince of Wales is borne by the eldest son of the ruler of Great Britain.

Princess Mercedes is a very clever little girl, with all the self-possession, the gravity and the sedateness of a Spaniard.

Must Clothe the Naked Eye.

"So far as I could see with the naked eye," said the detective to the police court justice, "the living picture was entirely nude."

"And did you look at the defendant with the naked eye?" asked his honor.

"Certainly."

"Defendant discharged," continued the court, "will police officers learn the law that regard to nudity I cannot punish over. Detectives must hereafter wear spectacles."—New York World.

Schon Bist!

"Wie ist dist Du?" wurle ein kind gefragt.
"Wenn ich mit papa saurghe," lautete die Antwort, "bin ich fuenzehn Jahre alt; wenn aber mamma mit dabei ist, nur zehn!"—St. Louis Schalk.

THE STRANGE FATE OF THE COUNTESS CHERICI

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Mrs. Bouverie Barton sat sipping her pensive afternoon tea in my rooms at Florence. "And what are you painting now, Mr. Reade?" she asked, with a cautious glance towards the studio curtain. "Another of your delightful antique idyls?"

"Oh, I'm pottering as usual, over a Roman romance," I answered, carelessly. "Aeneas and the Cumacan Sibyl, don't you know. I've found a first-rate model for my Aeneas. I flatter myself; an ideal Trojan, but the Sibyl's the difficulty. I've been hunting for her in vain. It isn't every pretty girl, of course, that will make a Sibyl."

Mrs. Bouverie Barton ruminated. She knew all Florence and everybody in it. "Let me see," she mused aloud, "what sort of person do you want now? The Sibyl, I suppose, ought to be somebody mysterious, phantasmal, supernatural."

"Precisely," I replied. "That's the exact type of woman I have in my mind's eye. Tall, dark, Dantesque, rather terrible than beautiful, some calm, weird thing, lithe, serpentine and lissome, who must look as if she stepped straight out of an Etruscan tomb or a canvas of Botticelli."

"Draped?" my guest inquired discreetly, with a keen glance through her pince-nez.

"Oh, yes, draped," I answered, smiling. "No need for the nude in the treatment of the Sibyl."

"Then I think," Mrs. Bouverie Barton replied, laying down her cup with a sudden confidence, 'I know the very person who will exactly suit you."

When Mrs. Barton spoke like that I was inclined to believe there was something in it. As a rule, indeed, when outsiders tell you they know the very model for the picture you're painting, I receive their suggestions with polite incredulity. Experience has shown me that they invariably recommend a typical British Philistine for the part of Hamlet, and a peach blossom ingenue for a divine Cleopatra. But Mrs. Bouverie Barton was herself a distinguished amateur; and when she spoke that like I had reason to infer she spoke from knowledge. So I inquired at once eagerly: "And where shall I find her?"

"Oh, she's not a professional," Mrs. Barton replied with a deprecatory gesture. "She's a very dear friend of mine, the Countess Fede Cherici. But I think with a little persuasion she might be induced to sit to you. Such a charming girl; we all admire her. Come to my rooms to tea to-morrow, and I'll ask her to meet you."

So by 4 o'clock the next afternoon I mounted the marble steps to Mrs. Bouverie Barton's artistically furnished apartments in the Palazzo Guicciardini, on the far side of the Arno.

As I entered through the bead-strung Japanese portiere, I saw on the Oriental couch by my hostess's side a stout and middle-aged Italian lady, only just redeemed from the blight of British matronhood by some surviving reminiscence in her faded eye of youthful extravagancies. But I hardly looked at her, to say the truth, as Mrs. Barton introduced us. "Mr. Norman Reade, the Countessa Cherici!" for my eyes were riveted on a young girl by her side, towards whom Mrs. Barton glanced significantly, as she added the words, "and her daughter, the Contessa Fede."

I bowed, and was conquered. At most before I had scanned Fede Cherici's face I felt instinctively this was indeed my Sibyl. Or was she not rather a Circe or a Siren? I recognized in her at once the potentiality and promise of many mysterious mythical characters. Yet I hardly know how to describe her definitely in words so fantastical was the impression her personality wrought upon me. Italian might do it, perhaps, but the English language has no terms, I feel sure, fitted exactly to describe that peculiar style of beauty. It was too Southern and strange for our Teutonic speech. "Witch-like" comes somewhat near it, no doubt, only it misses the earnestness and spirituality of the face which reminded me often of the Judith at the Uffizi. Fede was tall and dark, as I had demanded for my model, a light and willowy girl, with a slender figure; her hair strayed black and wavy over her Tuscan forehead; her lips were rich and perhaps a trifle sensuous, but they were redeemed by her eyes, such wistful, craving eyes as I never saw elsewhere on earth, before or since, not even on one of Rossetti's ideal portraits. They were the despair of my brush when I came to paint them. I could get everything in them except the soul, and that seemed to evade me with marvellous elusiveness. Soul is so much more difficult to paint than body. Altogether, she was just what Mrs. Barton had promised—a perfect face and form for my Cumaean Sibyl.

Would she sit for me? That was the question, or must I observe her by stealth and paint her as best I could afterwards from memory? I would have preferred the first, of course, yet face and form were so perfect, so striking and so unique in their impressiveness that I would have painted her from memory, if need were, rather than have gone without her.

There were other people in the room, and they talked with each other freely. For my part, I talked to Contessa Fede. I could see her face light up with a most divinely sad smile. I saw she was melancholy, or, to say the least, pensive. That was just what I wanted for my ideal Sibyl; and as yet, of course, Fede had not flitted before me as nothing more than a possible model.

We talked for some minutes, uninterrupted, together. When she learned I was an artist she warmed to me at once. She was devoted to art, she said; no, she didn't paint herself, but she spent whole hours at the Pitti and the Bell' Arte, and she knew every great picture by heart in both of them. Artists were always so delightful to meet; she liked to know the people who did something.

After awhile we drifted apart; Mrs. Barton carried off my prize by main force for somebody else to talk to. Then she stole up to my side with a conspirator's smile. "Well, will that do?" she asked triumphantly.

"Do? Mrs. Barton," I cried, "how can you talk about doing? Why, she's a picture in herself. A Pythia! A Dresden doll! No man who painted her could fail to make a name. She's an artist's ideal."

"I thought you'd like her," Mrs. Barton answered, demurely. "She's so very unusual. And I've asked her mother whether she'd object to your painting her. And the Contessa says no. If you come and do her here, in my little studio, and if take upon myself the task of safeguarding the proprieties, she will have no objection. Only you'll have to get Fede's consent for yourself. She's a very odd girl, quite as odd as she looks, and it isn't everybody she'll allow to paint her."

A little later in the afternoon I spoke to Fede again. With very small prelude I told her precisely what I wanted of her. Most girls are naturally flattered when one asks leave to paint them; and I could see the color heightened bright in Fede Cherici's cheek when I mentioned my wishes. But it seemed much more like a flush of shame than of conscious pride or womanly pleasure. She drew back at once, murmuring, "No, no, no; impossible!" in her pretty Tuscan. However, I insisted, and Mrs. Barton and the old Contessa sailed up to assist me in the siege of persuasion and reason. The more I begged the less my model seemed inclined to consent; but after awhile, when I would take no refusal, she so far relented to ask me in what character I wanted her to sit for me.

"The Sibyl," I answered.

The color mounted deeper than ever in her face at the words, and her eyes fell instinctively.

"The Sibyl" she repeated, with a disappointed air. "Always something supernatural or witchlike! No, signor, I can't sit. It would be quite impossible."

"Then we'll leave it alone," I answered with a careless air, partly because I did not wish to worry her any further, but partly, also, because I felt convinced I could recall her very well from memory if necessary.

At that I could see that her face fell again. Though she didn't want to sit she was evidently piqued that I should so easily relinquish the attempt to secure her.

So I added in an after thought: "It is hardly necessary for the signorina to give me definite sittings. Her face is of the sort that imprints itself by mental photography on the memory. I shall be able to reproduce it, every line and shade, without the need for troubling her."

"Oh! Fede, child," her mother exclaimed putting in to my rescue; "if the Signor Inglese means to paint you in any case you might surely just as well let him do it properly."

Fede blushed a deeper crimson than ever before and cast an imploring look, half askance at her mother. But I'm afraid in my artistic eagerness to get her to sit at any price, that pleading glance was entirely thrown away upon me. After a minute or two's hesitation she answered at last: "Oh! if you really want me so much, I shall be glad to sit to you. It was only a foolish prejudice on my part, no doubt, though I've been often asked before, and always refused, signor."

I bowed, overjoyed. "Then I shall take your consent in this case as all the more of a compliment," I answered smiling.

"And well you may, Mr. Reade," Mrs. Barton put in in English, which Fede did not understand; "for her mother has just been telling me she didn't really believe you could ever overcome Fede's deep-rooted prejudice. She says at least a dozen well known artists have tried to get her before, and not one of them has ever been able to prevail upon her."

So it was all arranged, before I left that afternoon, that Fede should come and sit for me the very next day in Mrs. Bouverie Barton's little private studio, and that I should begin at once upon a study for the Sibyl.

As soon as they were all gone Mrs. Barton came to me with a smile of triumph. "I think I can tell you partly," she said, "why Fede drew back so when you first suggested the subject of your picture. I'd forgotten it at the moment, but it comes back to me now. I've often heard it. Legend has it in Florence that many women of the Cherici family are hereditary witches; and Fede's so weird-looking, I don't doubt the poor people fancy she has the evil eye. But she's a lovely girl, isn't she? Such intensity in her eyes! I'm sure you'll make a splendid picture of her as the Sibyl."

At 10 o'clock the next morning, according to appointment, I was around once more at Mrs. Barton's room, and found the beautiful Italian girl already waiting for me. She blushed the same exquisite blush through her lucid, dark skin which had so much attracted me the previous afternoon, but I saw she was in some ways by no means averse, in spite of her protestations, to my painting her portrait. For the next few mornings I worked hard and close at it. Mrs. Bouverie Barton, I'm bound to admit, was the kindest and easiest of heaven-seat chaperons. From the very first day she expressed her belief that it would be impossible for me to sit on with my portrait of Fede if somebody else was perpetually "bothering about" to the detriment of the expression; and I must allow she refrained from "bothering about" in the most exemplary fashion. She thoroughly understood the great principle in life that the business of a chaperon is to be a nonentity. She never disturbed us needlessly. The consequence was that in those few days at the Palazzo Guicciardini I got to see a great deal of Fede; and Fede in some ways grew quite confidential with me. At the same time there was always a curious reserve in her manner which greatly struck me. I had never met anybody in my life before who seemed to me such a strangely compounded mixture of frankness and incomprehensibility.

Almost from the first day, however, I noticed one thing and that was that Fede was very much taken up with me. Her eyes seemed to follow mutely every motion of my hand. She hung upon my acts. Afterwards, when we got to know one another better, she admitted to me without reserve that she had fallen in love with me that very first afternoon at Mrs. Bouverie Barton's. But just at first I didn't quite recognize that; I only observed in a general sense that Fede seemed to like me. Yet, I noticed, too, she held me in some ways very much aloof, and when I came near her to paint her, she used to shrink away from me like a sensitive plant, as if in terror. Naturally, I set that down at first to her Italian ideas; for Italians are less accustomed than we easy-going English to perfect freedom of intercourse between young people. I suppose it alarmed her to be left so much alone in a room with a man and a stranger. But when at last one day I ventured to say so to her with a half-baffling smile, she looked up at me almost tearfully, and answered, with much earnestness, "Afraid of you, Signor Reade? Why, surely, nobody could ever be afraid of you! It is not that that makes me shrink. It's something oh, ever and ever so different."

The longer I was with her the more did I observe that she couldn't bear me ever to stoop down to her or bend over her. At times her obvious reluctance made me a little bit annoyed, for I had never had anybody to sit to me before who seemed so frightened of allowing me to approach. At last one morning I asked her, with some slight tinge of annoyance in my voice, "Why do you shrink away like that Signorina? Don't you know it's very rude to show such obvious repugnance to a person who's painting you?"

"Repugnance," she repeated, looking up into my face with so unmistakable a look that I felt it would be absurd of me to pretend to misinterpret it. "Oh, dear signor, you know very well it isn't that. Why, I like you ever so much."

I tried to take her hand. But she pulled it away suddenly. "Oh, no; not like that," she said; "I like you so much I want you—to keep away from me. When I like people a great deal I can't endure them ever to come near me."

"Then you must like me ever so much," I answered, laughing, "for you keep me always at a very safe distance."

She dropped those wonderful eyes. "I much—so much I can't bear you even to stop in the same room with me. There, I didn't mean to confess it, but you have forced it out of me. Oh, no, don't smile," she went on, as I half laughed in her face. "To me, I assure you, it's no laughing matter."

I said no more to her at the time. She looked and seemed so distressed that enigmatical as were her words, I wouldn't try to comprehend them. I went on painting the part of her face I was just then engaged upon, and liked the effect of the portrait all the better for the pale air of melancholy that seemed to brood over it.

Next morning when she came I was going on her hair, and as I wanted flowers in it, brought round a big bunch of rich white tuberoses, which were then very common in the mercato vecchio. I thought the waxy blossoms would give a marked Sibylline look to her dark, wavy tresses, and exactly throw up her wan, olive complexion in the way I wished it. As soon as she came in I brought them over and presented them. "Now, I want you, Contessa Fede," I said, "to put these in your hair, arranging them pretty much as you see them in this sketch here."

Fede drew back once more with that same curious shrinking I had so often noticed. "Oh, no," she cried, half remorseful, as it seemed to me. "Don't ask me to wear them. I—I'd rather not do it."

"Perhaps the scent of tuberoses makes you faint," I suggested. "You find them too sickly?"

"Me find them sickly," she echoed in surprise, as if the bare notion of such a thing astonisher her. "Oh, no, I'm not at all afraid of that. Any other flower would be the same. Even innocent little things, I can't bear to wear them."

I was a bit tired that morning of what I thought her curious fads and fancies, so answered rather sharply, "I can't paint your head without the flowers, you know. They've got to go in. They're part of the picture."

At the sound of a chiding intonation in my voice the tears rose thick and fast into these mysterious eyes, and made me feel at once what a horrid brute I'd been. I stooped down and gazed close at her. She withdrew her face as usual. "Look here, Fede," I said, calling her boldly for the first time by her Christian name alone, "just to please me won't you wear them?"

She drew further back than ever and her color came and went. "To please you," she answered, with a great heaving of her bosom. "What are a few poor flowers? I would do anything, Signor."

I took her hand and pressed it. She allowed me for a moment; then she withdrew it sharply and leaned back in her seat with closed eyes, panting.

"Well, put them on, my child," I said, in an authoritative tone. At the word she rose and eyed the white bells regretfully. "Gentle little creatures," she said, as if fondling them. "I'm sorry for them. They feel so crushed in one's hair, you know. But still, if you wish it, dear Signor, of course, I'll wear them."

"How good you are, Fede," I said, as her deft fingers arranged them with simple grace into a rustic coronal. "And how kind to say 'of course!' I think it is so good of you."

She looked up at me without the slightest trace of shyness. "Whatever you wish is law to me," she answered, blushing a deep red before, yet gazing straight into my eyes. "Oh, surely you've found it out! Surely, surely you know—I love you!"

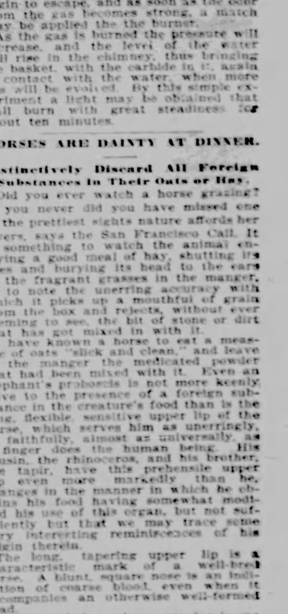
I bent over her, and was just about to kiss her, when, with the same startled look as usual, she recoiled in her place and avoided my lips. "Oh, no," she cried; "not like that. Please—please don't do it. I love you too well—to wish you ever to kiss me."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SELF-ROCKING CRADLE.

An Englishman Invents a Piece of Furniture That Will be a Boon.

Mothers and nurses who have been compelled to spend hours and wear out their arms cradling the babies to sleep will henceforth be able to read a novel or attend to their household duties while



AN AUTOMATIC CRADLE.

Morpheus, aided by a simple contrivance invented by an Englishman, is overcoming the rebellious senses of their little charges. The fin de siecle cradle is automatic. The machinery is so arranged that it can be wound up to rock for any length of time desired and can be stopped at will.

What He Was Coming For.

Again has woe come into the emotional bosom of Macallister McIlhenny, and it boosts upon each surging throb of evil omen.

Only a week of bliss, and then the frost, the nipping frost, that came like a thief in the night and pinched the heart of our hero of the sorrowful luck.

He had fallen in love with a beautiful maiden, soft of eyes and tender of heart, but not for Macallister McIlhenny. She was the only daughter of a rich and haughty Coroner, and she loved her father's clerk, whose fees were his fortune.

It came to pass, then, when Macallister McIlhenny preferred his simple request for her heart and hand, she respectfully but firmly declined, saying in that guileless, originality way of hers that she would be a sister to him—oh, so gladly—extending her lily white hand with a string tied to it.

That was only last night, and this night he had come to gather up the rich and costly presents he had given her, and she was sitting in the drawing room with her mother when there came a pull at the door bell like the sluggish pull of a mudturtle at a frisky fish line.

"Who can that be?" asked the maiden's mother as she waited for the butler to respond to it.

"It is Macallister McIlhenny, mamma," replied the girl.

"What is he coming here to-night for? I thought you gave him the bou —excuse me, I mean, rejected him last night."

"I did, mamma."

"Then what is he coming here to-night for?"

"

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, but where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

May Day Celebrations.

Schoolgirl, Delta, O.: The custom of celebrating May Day undoubtedly originated in that irrepressible impulse of the human breast which makes a man want to go a-fishing on bright, warm, spring days, when the trees are beginning to bloom and all nature wears her most enticing garb. Among the Romans, the spring fever feeling found vent in their Floralia, or floral games, which began on the 28th of April, and lasted for two or three days. Nations, taking mere or less of their origin from Rome, settled upon the first of May for festivities of the same kind. With ancients and moderns alike, it was one instinctive rush to the fields to revel in the bloom newly appearing on meadow and trees. The more city-pent population, the more eager the desire was to get among the flowers; the more sordidly drudging the life, the more hearty the relish for this one day of communion with the beauties of nature. May Day was celebrated by the Saxons, and Chaucer, who lived 500 years ago, tells us that on May Day "Forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetch the flowers fresh." In the days of Henry VIII., the heads of the corporation of London went out into the high grounds of Kent to gather May trophies, the King and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon, coming from their palace of Greenwich to meet these dignitaries on Shooter's Hill. As late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was customary for the townspeople to go forth at an early hour on the morning of May Day to gather flowers and hawthorn branches, which they brought home about sunrise, with accompaniment of horn and tabor and all sorts of merriment. With these spoils they would decorate every door and window in the village. The custom of having a May Queen or Queen of May looks like a relic of the heathen celebration of the day; for the flower-crowned maid appears as a living representative of the goddess Flora, whom the Romans worshipped on this day. The May Queen, possibly was popularized by Maid Marian, Robin Hood's sweetheart, who was always a conspicuous figure in the ancient Morris dances of merry England. The May Queen did not join in the revelries of her subjects. She was placed in a sort of bower, or arbor, near the May pole, there to sit in pretty state, an object of admiration to the whole village. She herself was half-covered with flowers and her shrine was wholly composed of them.

The Dikes of Holland.

A. W. F., Binghamton, N. Y., asks: "What are the famous dikes of Holland?"

Along the west coast of the peninsula of North Holland, between the North sea and the Zuyder Zee, a line of low sand hills have been thrown up by the waves. The work of the dike-builder has been to continue and strengthen that feeble barrier, so as to insure the separation between the land and encroaching waters. Embankments 20 to 40 feet high, and from 20 to 100 feet thick, have been built here for miles along the coast. The interior of the peninsula is below the level of the sea, and the water of the natural drainage is pumped into artificial canals, which are elevated above the level of the country, and connected with the sea. These canals, which are also used as highways, form a remarkable feature of a Dutch landscape. All the discharging basins of these canals are on the same plane, and the sluices are so arranged that when the level of the sea is lower than these openings, the tide-gates are lifted and the water flows out, and when the tide is rising the gates are closed. Though time tells along the coast are strongly built, it is necessary to watch them constantly, as the shifting of the sandbars outside of them may at any time turn a current against them, or a sudden storm may bring the waves upon them with such force as to weaken them. Plantations of willows are constantly cultivated to aid in repairing the breaks whenever one occurs. Should there be seen the smallest sign of water oozing through the dike, an alarm bell is rung, all flock to the scene of danger, whatever hour of the day or night it may be, rows of stakes are driven in before the breach, a network of willows is woven in among the stakes, and earth is thrown in and packed down firmly. Lastly, when the immediate danger is past, all weakened parts of the dike are strengthened anew with brick and stone work. This elaborate system of reclaiming the Dutch country from the sea was begun in the latter part of the sixteenth century. In 1856 it was estimated that there had been expended upon the dikes and canals the sum of $1,500,000,000. The annual cost of maintenance and repair of the system is about $2,000,000.

Kentucky Resolutions of 1798.

J. W. A. F., Anna, O., asks: "Will you please tell me through Question Bureau what the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions were?"

The Kentucky resolutions of 1798, were introduced in the Kentucky legislature in that year by George Nicholas, but Thomas Jefferson is now known to have been the author. They were directed against the alien and sedition laws, and against acts passed to punish frauds on the Bank of the United States. They opposed a broad construction of the constitution, and affirmed that instrument to be a "compact," each state being one party, "its co-states forming as to itself the other party." These resolutions and similar ones, prepared by James Madison, passed by Virginia in 1799, were submitted to other states for their approval, but such states as returned answers expressed non-concurrence in the views therein contained. The Kentucky resolutions of 1799 repeated the former statements regarding the constitution, and entered a solemn protest against the abuses complained of.

Anneke Jans Again.

M. E. E., Jackson, Mich., writes: 'I understand the state of New York is about to, or has, taken up the Anneke Jans case for the heirs. If so, will you please publish whatever correspondence of importance in the Weekly Blade, as I am interested in it?"

Should such a thing come to pass, we shall certainly publish all the facts. Unfortunately, there is no case at hand. There is no property held in trust, or for a term of years, belonging to the Anneke Jans estate. Several years ago The Blade investigated this matter, and became satisfied the whole thing is a swindle, perpetrated by some conscienceless fellows in New York to get money from persons supposed to be heirs.

Legal Tender Silver.

W. A. S., Raymore, Mo., writes: 'In conversation with a silver advocate, he made the assertion that silver had been so abused and legislated against that it was not even a legal tender for more than $5—that is you can not compel a man to take it for more than that amount. Please answer through The Blade whether this is correct or not."

No, it is not correct. The standard silver dollar is a full legal tender for every purpose, and in any amount—exactly as is gold.

Plymouth Rock Chickens.

Fancier, Toledo, O.: The Plymouth Rock breed of chickens was developed about the year 1850. It was produced by crossing a Cochin China cockerel with a hen that was a cross between the fawn-colored Dorking, the Great Malay and the Wild Indian. The Plymouth Rock chicken, therefore, is one-half Cochin China, one-quarter fawn-colored Dorking, one-eighth Great Malay and one-eighth Wild Indian.

A War Incident.

W. B. Piedmont, S. D., asks: "What officer or private in the late war came into the camp with a message so badly wounded that he dragged himself into the camp, while he kept the Union flag above the earth and said, 'the flag has never touched the ground?' "

We do not recall the incident, and submit the question for answer by some reader.

United States Debt.

A. C., Charlotte, Kan., asks: "Does the United States owe any debt that is payable in any foreign country? That is, are not all of their bonds, interest and principal, payable at the Treasury or sub-Treasury of the United States?"

Yes; all government obligations are payable at the Treasury, and there is none payable abroad, or anywhere else.

Rare Coins.

J. F. W., Paradise, Mo., writes: "I have in my possession a coin (25-cent piece) dated 1818. This coin is a little larger than a modern 25-cent piece, and not so large as a half-dollar. What is it worth?"

It is worth only 25 cents. The quarter of that year bears no premium. In fact, there is no premium on any year from 1827 to 1853.

Who Can Tell?

J. C. T., Altamont, Mo., asks: "What was the largest amount of corn per acre ever raised in the United States, when and where?"

We are unable to answer. If any reader knows, we shall be glad to publish the information.

Miscellaneous.

J. J. J., Cortland, O.: Write a letter of inquiry addressed to "President Ohio State University, Columbus, O."

Take Your Choice.

"Don't you think, Jenkins, I'm improving with my violin playing?"

"Well, I don't exactly know, but either you're improving or else I'm getting used to it."

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

An account was given in The Blade a year ago of the earlier half of the work of the corps of editors who prepared the Standard Dictionary for the Funk & Wagnalls Company. The last half has now appeared, and the work is shown in two handsome volumes bound in red morocco and gold profusely illustrated and of convenient size. Approval is passed especially upon the following points:

The extent and quality of the vocabulary to include the daily speech of the people; the effort to maintain the simplest form of spelling compatible with due regard of the historical element of the word; the inversion of the order in definition to agree with the rational scheme of presenting the present signification first, and older and obsolete meanings lower down the list; the exactness of definition by truly definitive statement; the collation by the shades of meaning in synonym and antonym now for the first time introduced in a mere dictionary.

The variations in spelling and pronunciation form an appendix in which are collected not only the recommendations of former lexicographers, but the mature judgment of eminent scholars.

Points of style are in the main extra-judicial to the editors of a dictionary, which is, of course, primarily a word-book. Yet in the definition of the word it is certainly proper to point out improper uses in order that they may be avoided. In amplification of that eminent right the editors of the Standard have prepared an interesting and extremely useful appendix of "faulty diction."

In the appendix of proper names there is manifest an improvement so simple that it is a wonder that no one had discovered it before. All words of this class are assembled in a single vocabulary, and he who hunts the name of a person or of a place, of a character in fiction, or in one of the several systems of theology need not puzzle his thought to re-all whether it is the name of a man, an ancient Hebrew, an equally ancient Roman or Greek, a character in a book or play, a place on the map, but turns to it at once and finds all those things resolved for him, along with the full identificatory circumstances. In the matter of geographical names, it is refreshing to observe that the editors have adopted as of paramount authority the conclusions reached by the board on geographic names.

The Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary, New York.

A novel of unusual freshness has been recently issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company. "Miss Cherry Blossom," the pretty title enhanced by an unusually dainty binding is a story of a group of Americans in Yokohama, plus a lovely Japanese girl of high rank. Nothing cleverer, daintier and more characteristically Japanese has been done by a writer of English, and the author, who has yet to win his spurs, is said to be a young Philadelphia lawyer lately discovered by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The fourth volume of the History of the People of the United States by John Bach McMaster has recently appeared. The work will be completed in six volumes.

The fourth opens with the repeal of the British orders in council and the close of the armistice concluded just before the surrender of Hull, and takes up the story of the second war for independence. The chapter called "The Return of Peace" ends the story of the war, and gives with great fullness an account of the treaty-making at Ghent. At this point a new era opens in our history. The war is over, the foreign complications which distracted the country since 1793 no longer trouble it, and the people begin to turn their attention to domestic affairs. The remainder of the volume therefore treats of our economic history. "The Disorders of the Currency" is a chapter in our annals which has never before been told. The chapters on "Political Reforms," the "Missouri Compromise," "Eighteen Hundred and Starve to Death," which treats of the hard times of 1819 and 1820, complete the volume, which is illustrated with many diagrams, and maps in outline and in color. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Dorothea Gerard, author of that charming little romance, "A Queen of Curds and Cream," has (alishe) another equally admirable story entitled "An Arranged Marriage." The scene of the story is laid in Italy, and the author has found a most picturesque background for an international romance which is skillfully developed. No. 104 Town and Country Library. D. Appleton & Co.

Harper & Bros. publish a complete and wholly satisfactory Life of Samuel J. Tilden, by John Bigelow. The work appears in two hand-some volumes with portraits and illustrations.

Mr. Tilden's public life spanned a larger portion of the history of our republic than that of any other eminent American statesman, and he occupied the unique position in our history of being the only one selected by the nation for its chief magistracy who was never clothed with its responsibilities. The record of his life is, in these two volumes, presented by the one man pre-eminently qualified for the task—the lifelong friend of the subject of this biography, who has had access to Mr. Tilden's private correspondence, as well as the privilege of choosing, from the public papers which were placed in his hands for this purpose, those which he deemed of permanent interest and value. Mr. Tilden always kept copies of everything he wrote, whether of a public or private nature. This habit has enabled Mr. Bigelow to throw much light upon his early life of which comparatively little is generally known, and without which many of the incidents of his remarkable career are difficult of interpretation. These volumes also contain an elaborate genealogical record of the Tilden family running back to the sixteenth century, which Mr. Tilden completed only a week or two before his death. It was the last effort of his pen. As one of his executors and trustees, Mr. Bigelow may be presumed to have overlooked nothing which the world is interested in knowing and remembering about one of the most eminent of American statesmen. (For sale by Brown, Eager & Hull). statesmen.

Evolution and Effort, by Edward Kelly, has been recently issued by D. Appleton & Co.

The author, who has been so prominent in the movement for municipal reform in New York, has written a book of peculiarly timely interest which discusses Evolution in its application to the religious and political life of the day, with illustrations drawn from recent events in New York. This book is an attempt to show that the Evolution of to-day is differentiated from the Evolution which preceded the advent of man by the factor of conscious effort; that man, by virtue of his faculty of conscious effort, is no longer the product of Evolution but the master of it; that the chief ally of this faculty is religion, and its most fruitful though as yet neglected field in politics; that an alliance between religion and politics is essential to progress in the struggle of humanity with evil and with pain; and that this alliance must practice the gospel of effort and not that of "laissez faire"

The "Chimmie Fadden" and "Major Max" stories were written for and first published in the New York Sun. They have been republished in book-form by permission of Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the Sun. The "Other Stories" appeared first in the San Francisco Argonaut. Those who have not as yet learned to know "Chimmie" and his friends "The Duchess," the "Lady at the Morgue," "Mr. Paul" and "Chappie" are missing much. Life, in the every-day working world acquires a new charm when seen through Chimmie's" sharp, clear-sighted eyes and his criticism of it is the expression of the warmest and most sympathetic of natures expressed in Bowery slang.

And the Bowery slang is not so unintelligible as at first appears. There is a delightful human quality in every phrase which renders the meaning clear to the sympathetic reader. "Chimmie" is the most picturesque and attractive of Bowery characters. Mr. Townsend is the first to use this class of American people in literature, and his faithful portrayal of it is the result of long and patient observation—lightened by a keen sense of humor. The book appears both in cloth and paper-binding. Lovell, Coryell & Co., 310 Sixth avenue, New York.

BRILLIANTS.

The days march round, and round, and round;
The solemn years glide stately past;
With toil or sport the days resound,
With grief they lag, with joy they fly bound—
Yonder in shadow lurks thy last.
—Joseph Wharton.

Two paths lie always just ahead,
Awaiting all who onward tread;
This warning be their guide:
Darkness and light to left or right;
Oh, take the sunny side!
—Anon.

I must have known
Life otherwhere in epochs long since fled;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.
—T. B. Aldrich.

Behold! he sails no earthly barque,
And on no earthly sea;
Adown the years he sails the dark
Deeps of futurity.

Ideals are the ships of Greece
His purpose steers afar;
The skies, his seas; the Golden Fleece
He seeks, the farthest star.
—Madison Cawein.

Alas for the bird who was born to sing!
They have made him a cage, they have clipped his wing,
They have shut him up in a dingy street,
And they praise his singing, and call it sweet.
But his heart and his song are saddened and filled
With the woods, and the nest he never will build,
And the wild young dawn coming into the tree,
And the mate that never his mate will be;
And day by day, when his notes are heard,
They freshen the street—but alas for the bird!
—R. F. Murray.

To him the impulse of a kindly deed
Was more than any article of creed;
And whosoever chanced his face to scan
Forgot the preacher, but revered the man.
—Clinton Scollard.

MORNING.

Dawn in the east, and the chill dew falling—
Tears of the new-born day;
Dew on the lawn, and the blackbirds calling,
Music and mild mid-May.
The lilac, see, wins back the color
Lost on the field of night;
See, the spent stars grow dimmer, duller,
Look forth, my life's delight.

Open your window, lean above me,
Rose, my white rose, my song!
Leave your white nest, love, if you love me—
Night is so lonely long.
Day is our own, and day's a-breaking;
Sweet sleepy eyes of gray,
You shall not chide an early waking
When night grows kind as day!
—The Pall Mall Budget.

A Fable of the Springtime.

Once upon a time the Sun and the Wind disputed as to which was the stronger.

Presently a way-farer approached, and to settle their differences, they agreed that superiority should be conceded to that one who could produce the most marked effect upon the man.

"Oh, I won't do a thing to him," remarked the Wind, and blew violently.

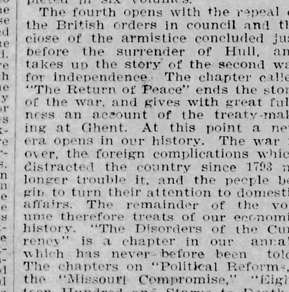
But the wayfarer only drew his coat more closely about him and tossed down a ball or two of Medford.

"Now, watch me," said the Sun, and shone fervidly, whereat the wayfarer thought it was spring and changed his flannels.

Whenever thereafter the Wind became boastful, the Sun had but to point to a little mound in the churchyard.—Detroit Tribune.

Time to Think.

The Empress dowager of China can now devote a little attention to her peagreen and crushed strawberry spring dresses.—Inter Ocean.



Tired Women

Should stop and consider the dangers which threaten them because of their weakness, languor and lack of ambition. Thousands of women find their strength unequal to the demands of duty. And yet there is no escape from the incessant round of care and toil. They must have strength. How shall it be given? By building up their systems through purified, enriched and vitalized blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them strength because it will make their blood pure and enable it to feed the nerves upon proper nourishment. It will create an appetite, tone the stomach and invigorate every organ. It is what tired women need.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It feeds the nerves on pure blood.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Benefits Three Generations.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

"I have used *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound in my family ten years with the best of results.

"Before taking it I had falling of the womb; such bearing-down pains, backache, and kidney trouble. I had had eight children, and was approaching the change of life.

"I took the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills; was cured of all my troubles, and passed through the change all right, and now am fifty-four years old and well. My daughter had catarrh of the bladder, and it cured her. I send you my picture with my grandson, whose mother was cured by your remedies. I will recommend your Compound to every body."—Mrs. L. Kelly, Patchogue, L.I.

THE KITCHENS OF THE BIG HOTELS.

CULINARY WONDERS OF NEW YORK'S GRAND HOSTELRIES.

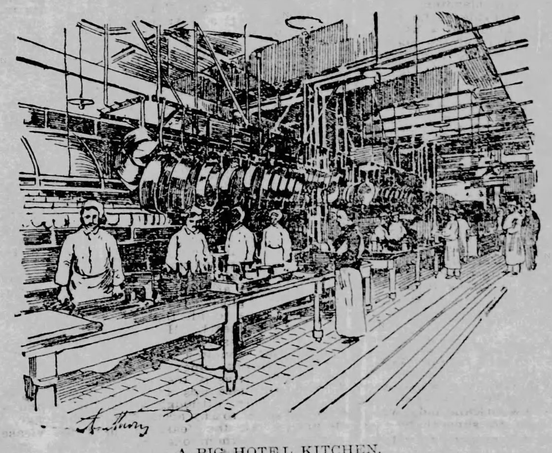
High Art Below Stairs—Great Quantities of Foods Used—How Bought and Prepared.

Patrons of the great new hotels of New York see many things to wonder about, and if they happen to come from some way back town they can speedily collect enough grandeur material to tell about for several months to the dwellers of their native heaths. To-day New York is the greatest hotel city the world over, but not satisfied with this record, the mania for new structures and more wonderful improvements is spreading and there are now a half dozen gigantic hostelries under way which promise to leave the present peers of the hotel world as much in the shade as the old-time ones now are.

The wonders of these new hotels have been described many times. Most people are familiar with the details of a three-room suite which it cost $3,000 to decorate, $15,000 to furnish, and for which the astonished occupant pays $60 a day. But there is one phase of these hotels which has not been touched upon to any extent, and that is the kitchen, which is a deep mystery to most people who glance over the long menu three times a day and wonder where all the foods come from, and how they are prepared so that they can be had at a moment's notice. They don't know of the army of people below stairs, the minute system in vogue, and the studied generalship of the managers, who daily turn out enough food to abundantly feed the population of a fair-sized town.

There are two great men in the lower section of the big modern hotel. One of them is the steward and the other is the chef. The first supplies the raw provender, and the other gives it the artistic treatment.

The steward is a keen business man who watches the markets as close as a professional stock speculator. At night he makes a list of what he is to buy the next morning. This list would read like a bit of fiction to the average housewife. It is the regular thing for the steward of one of the new Fifth avenue hotels to buy each morning twenty-five different kinds of



A BIG HOTEL KITCHEN.

fresh fish; fifteen sorts of shellfish, ten varieties of smoked and salt fish, twenty-five varieties of meats, and this same number of butcher's miscellanies, such as sweetbreads, calf's head, etc.; fifteen varieties of game, thirty-five of vegetables, a dozen of fruit and a like number of cheeses.

A number of smaller items are also bought each day, such as olives, jellies and syrups, milk and eggs. Of course there are regular days for the purchase of vast quantities of groceries, but these give the steward comparatively little trouble, as they require no skirmishing about to secure. An order is sent by telephone or messenger to the wholesaler, and the goods are delivered.

Great care is taken in the purchase of milk, butter and eggs. Four of the large fashionable hotels pay a contract price of one dollar a pound the year round for their butter, and this item alone costs each of them in the neighborhood of $90,000 a year, including the cooking butter.

None of the milk supplied to these hotels is of the skimmed variety. It is bought by contract from large dealers, and from each can is taken enough to fill a small glass jar, which is at once placed in a refrigerator at 45 degrees and kept locked up for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time it is tested by an expert to discover the exact proportion of cream and milk. The season of the year has much to do with these proportions, which for the cream vary from 12 to 22 per cent. If the cream falls below the minimum the dealer stands the immediate danger of losing a fat contract.

Eggs are a tender subject with the large hotel men, and the steward invariably buys the costliest in the market. All the eggs not boiled to order are broken separately by skilled assistants, making the cost of handling them a considerable item. Two hundred and fifty dozen is an average number used each day in one of the large hotels, and at busy times as much as 500 dozen have been handled. Breaking and judging 6,000 eggs in a day is no small task, as can easily be imagined.

All the meat used is treated with artistic care, and the "ripening" process requires the judgment of an expert. When purchased it is ticketed with the date of killing and the dressing, and is then packed in a cold room of 45 degrees for two weeks. When removed it is usually covered with a thick mould, and the appearance of this mould to the expert is the keynote of its condition. It must be ripe, juicy and tender, and the long storage usually brings about these results.

The real work of the kitchen falls to the lot of the chef. In all four of the greatest New York hotels the chef is an Alsatian, and his salary ranges from $6,000 to $10,000 a year. Financially he is a greater man than a Congressman, and is almost on a par with a prosperous bank president. He has a number of department chefs under him, and each of them has a small regiment of helpers. The next in rank to the chef is the saucier, who boils the meats and mixes the soups and sauces. After him comes the rotisseur, who broils and roasts all the meats and fish. Following the rotisseur is the entremetier, who has all the side dishes, such as vegetables, omelettes, and whatever is left over. The garde a manger, next in line, makes the salads and prepares the cold meats. The boucher, who cuts the meats, and the poissinier, who dresses the fish, and the casseroilier, who fills the important post of chief potwasher, complete the executive force of the chef.

With a well organized staff of assistants the main duty of the chef comes just before meal time, when he makes a round of the entire kitchen, tasting every article prepared. He may suggest some slight change, like the adding of seasoning, but usually everything has been done to his satisfaction. The culinary force is independent of the chef.

A description of the fittings of one of these kitchens would fill a volume, and were the technical terms used it would be wholly unintelligible to the average housewife. The equipment of an up-to-date hotel kitchen costs close to $100,000, and the yearly expense of keeping it in fine running order is equivalent to the income of a millionaire.

SHE CHANGED HER VIEWS.

Then Something Happened Which Caused Her to Change Again.

Young Mrs. Flippers had her sister spending the day with her, and she was unburdening her mind to her as to the shortcomings and late stayings of her spouse.

"Never do you get married as long as you live, Lucy," she sobbed; "take my advice and say 'no' to every man who asks you, even if he brings you a carton of candy every evening—I should if I were free."

"But, Hanoria, you just said you wished you had taken Jason Loverlocks."

"So I do; he would never have refused me a new hat and said that I had better spend more time in adorning the inside of my head and less on the outside. That was yesterday, and he has only spoken to me once since—and all because I forgot to sew a button or two on his shirts, when he might just as well have used pins anyhow. I tell you, Lucy, I just believe all the laundrymen are in league with the divorce lawyers, they tear the buttons off so. Dear me, there is the bell, and I'm not fit to be seen. I don't care to pose as an object of sympathy if Julius does treat me so cruelly. Do peep and see who it is."

"Why, goodness, it's the delivery wagon from the Babel, and, sure as you live, the man is bringing a hat in here; now he's gone next door. I could see Mrs. Peepers watching as he stopped here."

"Wanted to see what I was getting, I suppose; how curious some people are! Could you see what he took her? O, Lucy, it is a hat, after all; Julius must have bought it for me—I remember now, he told me this morning that I should get a package from the Babel. Dear Julius, how good he is to me; I only hope you may get a husband as good." She was eagerly unwrapping the box as she spoke.

"Humph," replied her sister, "you said a moment ago—O, how lovely!—as a gorgeous creation of unknown botanical specimens and defunct birds appeared.

"Isn't it?" And to think I—I said that Julius was—well, was not quite as attentive as when we were engaged."

"You said he was a brute," replied her sister, "and that you wished you had married Jason Loverlocks."

"Jason Loverlocks, the idea! Why, he couldn't have selected a hat like this to save his life. Don't you think the brim would look better a little more to the left? Hand me the scissors, do; and I think I shall roll the brim a bit more and add this bit bunchlet, that will finish it I shall put it on and go thank dear Julius; then, on the way home, I shall buy a whole gross of shirt buttons—you might as well sew them on for me, dear; you will be married yourself some day and it will be a great thing for you to know how to attend to your husband's shirts."

She was deftly removing the offending flower and snipping away at the brim when the hired girl entered with a long, flat package.

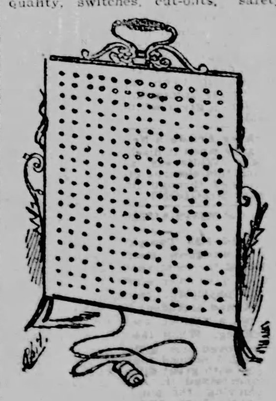
"If you please, ma'am," she said, "Mrs. Peepers says she thinks the people at the Babel have made a mistake and sent the new hat she bought yesterday to you. This is the package they sent her and it has your name on it."

Mrs. Flippers gasped as she glanced at the denuded hat; then, pouncing on the other package, she opened it. It contained a dozen fine white shirts, whose buttons seemed to be woven in the cloth! And then she wept and refused to be comforted.—Chicago Herald.

ELECTRICAL HEATING.

A London Theater Which is Warmed by Electricity.

Messrs. Crompton & Co., of 148 Brompton road, S. W., have recently carried out the electrical heating of the Vaudeville Theater, says London Industries and Iron. At first it was contemplated to use a system of hot-water heating, but, after carefully considering the matter, the management decided that electrical heaters afforded a more advantageous system. Twenty-two "box" or wall radiators, all of the "Crompton-Dowsing" type, are employed, and they answer the purpose admirably. The temperature of the theater is maintained at 60 degrees, while the corridors may be as low as 40 degrees. The heating arrangements are under absolute control, and any portion may be turned off or on at will. The electricity used is taken from the Charing Cross and Strand electricity supply circuits, and charged at 4d per unit, and when all the apparatus is at work nine units are consumed per hour. With electrical radiators, there is no danger of fire, as there is no combustion, and the temperature is about the same as that of hot-water pipes. The electrical boilers are of Henley's highest quality, switches, cut-outs, safety



connectors, etc., of the best, and Messrs. Crompton have endeavored to make this pioneer installation complete in every respect. Some difficulty was at first experienced with regard to the fire office and London county council, but all authorities appear now to be convinced that electric heating, when properly installed, is very safe and perfectly suitable for public buildings. It is stated that electric radiators are often used in an auxiliary sense where sufficient heat is not obtainable in buildings heated by hot water. They are also useful for chilly evenings, and at times when it is not cold enough to work the whole system of heating, but a little warmth is required in any particular room or portion of a room. The illustration shows a portable electric radiator of the type usually supplied.

Tired, Weak, Nervous.

Means impure blood, and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you—Hood's Cures.

Nervousness, loss of sleep, loss of appetite and general debility all disappear when Hood's Sarsaparilla is persistently taken, and strong nerves, sweet sleep, strong body, sharp appetite, and, in a word, health and happiness follow the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

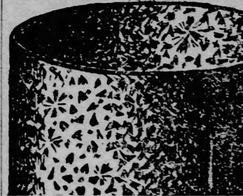
The strong point about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that they are permanent, because they start from the solid foundation of purified, vitalized and enriched blood.

STEEL TANKS

We furnish steel tanks with covers, all galvanized after completion, in nests of ten, 8 to 12 feet high and 30 to 36 inches in diameter, at 2½c. per gallon. They do not rust, shrink, leak, give taste to water, nor allow foreign substances to get in. They can be put in garret or barn and thus are protected from freezing. They take no setting up, are cheaper than wood. Tank substructures of all sizes made to order. Send for price list and designs for substructure and ornamental water supply.

AERMOTOR CO. CHICAGO.

2½ CTS PER GAL.



Did you ever stop to think how completely the Aermotor Co. has modernized windmill business? How it has monopolized this entire line of manufacture because of its ideas, inventions, designs, qualities and prices, or forced others to do it? Its steel wheels, its steel towers, its steel mills, the steel wheel, the back geared pumper, the high geared power mill, the steel towers, fixed and tilting, the galvanizing of work and completion, the graphite bearing, the improved irrigating and other pumps, the all steel pole saw—one of the most popular things we ever put out—the steel storage and stock tanks. Everything we have touched we have bettered and cheapened. It is the thing we have delighted in and it has paid. We have established a score of branch houses, so as to have all these goods near those who want them. The Aermotor Co. has but one more ambition. It wants to build and fill one more new building. It has 2 acres of land at its present location unoccupied by buildings. It expects to commence in June to cover that 2 acres with a single building, 4 stories high. This will give it 16 more acres of floor space. Then when the public demand requires more goods than can be supplied with this added space, it will refuse to extend further, or make any effort. It will have done its share to supply that demand. It will then turn away all new comers, UNTIL THAT TIME IT EXPECTS TO CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE WORLD WITH THE GREATEST PART OF ITS WIND WHEELS, TOWERS, GRINDERS, FEED CUTTERS, PUMPS, STEEL FRAME BUZZ SAWS, STEEL STORAGE AND STOCK TANKS, STEEL SUBSTRUCTURES, ETC., ETC., GALVANIZING AFTER COMPLETION. IT WILL CONTINUE TO DEAL MOST LIBERALLY WITH THE PUBLIC, FURNISH REPAIRS AT A LOW PRICE, AND BE THE GREAT MODEL SQUARE DEAL WIND POWER AND PUMP SUPPLY HOUSE OF THE WORLD. AERMOTOR CO., CHICAGO.

IN QUAINT COCKLESHELLS.

Hell Gate's Dangers Defied in New-Fangled Pneumatic Outing Boats.

A novel boating party, passing through the swift and dangerous eddies of Hell Gate yesterday afternoon, says the New York Recorder, attracted the attention of hundreds of spectators from New York and Long Island shores, as well as from the passengers on board the sound steamers. The party consisted of Miss Marie Green, who is said to be as much at home in the water as on land; H. D. Lyman, the inventor of the novel boats in which the party were taking their outing; Emory B. Remington, Prof. Henry Wilson, instructor in aquatics of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and Harry C. Graham.

The boats are pneumatic affairs, and resemble when in the water a life belt on a large scale. The occupant sits astride the "bottom" of the boat much as one does the saddle of a bicycle, and propels himself with his legs, which are incased in rubber shoes and leggings, and on which there are fins with which the propelling is done. The occupant is on view from the waist up and glides along in the water with apparent ease and grace. The invention is a new one, and intended for sporting purposes mainly. The trip yesterday was made on a wager that it would be impossible to pass through Hell Gate in the pneumatic boats with safety.

To show how thoroughly practical the invention is, Miss Green determined to be one of the party. The start was made from off the foot of One Hundred and Twentieth street, and down the stream the party paddled with their feet. On the way down the party got in between two Sound steamers and the wash they received was strong. The little boats, however, rode the waves lashed up

MISS GREEN'S TRIP THROUGH HELL GATE.

by the steamers like ducks, and did not ship any water.

The party made its way through the Gate and down the East river, to Willie's float, at the foot of East Eighty-ninth street, without mishap, and were received by a large congregation of friends and sightseers, who welcomed them with cheers.

The outing boat weighs from 15 to 20 pounds, and can be carried, when not inflated, as an ordinary hand grip, or strapped on the shoulders as a knapsack. It contains four air-tight compartments, any one of which is sufficient, in case of puncturing of the others, for keeping the occupant of the craft afloat.

A Cut Goes Fishing.

"Well, that's pretty good," said one of the loungers at the club, as he nodded approvingly at the last. "That reminds me of the remarkable manner in which a friend of mine caught a fish. He lived in a little country town in the northern part of the state. Near his home was a small pond noted for its fine bass fishing. My friend had a cat which had outlived its usefulness, and he decided to drown her.

"He took a long piece of twine, which had been wrapped around some meat, and taking the cat to the pond tied one end of the string around the cat's neck, and to the other end fastened a stone. Then he threw the poor creature into the water. The cat went down, but came up again and struggled to reach the shore. Something seemed to pull the other way and retard the cat's progress. At length the feline reached land, however, and walked up the bank, trailing after it a large bass. Upon examination my friend found that the fish had bitten the string in two and the end had in its teeth."

Amid thick silence the Manayunk prevaricator walked out.—Philadelphia Call.

She Was an Observer.

"You have brought new sunshine into my life," he said rapturously.

"Do you mean that?" she asked, timidly.

"Of course I mean it. Can you doubt me?"

"Oh, of course. I know you wouldn't intentionally misrepresent. But you know a young man so often thinks a girl has brought sunshine into his life when in reality it's only moonshine."—Washington Star.

It Was a Camomile.

"I could have laughed outright," said Mrs. Brown, "when we were going round Barnum & Bailey's menagerie on Friday."

"Why, what happened?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Well, Mrs. Smith called an animal a seraph—of course, she meant a giraffe; but the fun of it was, it wasn't a giraffe at all—it was a camomile!"

An Awful Alternative.

"Her parents are putting every obstacle in my way."

"You surprise me."

"They have even gone so far as to urge her to marry me."—Town Topics.

Before Rome Was.

It is considered not improbable that some specimens of Chinese poetry were written as long as 1,000 years ago.—Fourth Estate.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Cow Gives Bloody Milk.

H. C., Tennessee:—There may have been some of the small veins ruptured in the udder that cause your cow to give bloody milk. The flow of blood from them may cease, nature doing the healing. If the quarter of the udder on which is the teat that gives the bloody milk is indurated, that is, has a hard lump on it, mix 4 ozs. of glycerine with 1 drachm iodide of potassium; dissolve this in as little water as will make the solution and rub in with gentle friction. If there is no induration, use camphorated soap liniment, well rubbed in, after fomenting the udder with warm water. The cow should be given 1 lb of epsom salts, dissolved in a quart of warm water and after this operates 1 oz. morning and evening of saltpeter, pulverized, should be given in her drinking water for three days. The cow should be milked three times a day. The cow should not be permitted to rest on the ground where the udder may lay upon it and become chilled.

Indigestion in Mare.

W. R., Kentucky:—Your mare is troubled with indigestion. The too free action of the bowels is no doubt the result of the grass. This is of frequent occurrence to animals in the spring, when allowed free range on grass. This may be overcome by mixing the following in feed two or three times a day. The amount given is for one dose. Powdered chalk, 1 oz., bisulphate of soda, 1 oz. As soon as the scouring ceases, stop giving. By this time your mare may have overtaken the ill effects of the grass; if so, do not give the chalk. But whether you give the chalk or not, give this to the mare to overcome the flatulency: Baking soda, powdered ginger and powdered gentian, equal parts. Mix well and give in heaping tablespoonful doses twice a day. Give in half a pint of water, as a drench, before feeding. This should not be given until after the chalk and soda have been used, but should be used as soon as you begin using the drench at once.

Currant Worms.

G. F. R., Whitewood: The currant should have good culture, good soil, and plenty of manure. Always cut away the three-year-old branches, and in this way have new bearing wood. The currant is a great suckering plant and you will always have material for new wood. The plant should not be permitted to grow too dense weed cut all suckers not needed for new wood. The rows should be entirely renewed every five years. The new growth should be shortened fully one-half. Mulch for winter, and clear away all accumulation of leaves and other matter under the bushes. The currant worm and borer do great injury to currant bushes. Whenever the borer appears it should be destroyed. The currant worm comes from the egg of a moth. The ground under the bushes should have a good sprinkling of wood ashes, and the bushes should be sprinkled with white hellebore, 1 oz. to 2 gallons of water, or with kerosene emulsion, which is made as follows: Kerosene, 2 gallons; whale oil soap (or 1 qt. of soft soap) 1-2 lb.; water, 1 gallon. Dissolve the soap in water by boiling, and immediately add, boiling hot, away from the fire, to the kerosene. The whole mixture is then agitated violently while hot by being pumped back upon itself with a force pump and a fine discharge nozzle throwing a strong stream, preferably 1-8 inch in diameter. After five minutes the emulsion will be perfect. If made with whale oil soap the emulsion will keep for years. For present use the kerosene and milk emulsion is efficient. This is made as follows: Kerosene, 2 gallons; sour milk (sweet milk will not do), 1 gallon. This must be churned, as in the former case, but does not require so long an agitation. Before applying either of the above dilute with parts of water. The milk emulsion may be made by agitating the ingredients in a keg or crock with a wooden paddle, but it requires quick work. The diluted emulsion should be sprayed on every part of the leaves and wood. Spray especially on the under side of the leaves.

How to Make Bees-Wax.

The following recipe for beeswax can be vouched for, says a writer: After the combs have been put through an extractor or crushed and strained through a thin cloth, the wax is put in a copper or porcelain-lined kettle with cold water enough to cover it, and boiled for half an hour or longer, if it seems necessary. When the wax is taken from the stove it is strained and poured into a vessel previously dipped in cold water. To make a round cake of beeswax, pour the melted wax in a bowl that has been dipped in cold water. When cold it may be easily removed if the bowl was dipped in

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE CHOSE A FETCHING SUBJECT YESTERDAY.

IT SPEAKS TO YOU, YOUR NEIGHBOR AND ALL.

"Conscience" Was His Theme—An Awakened Conscience Must Go Before Salvation—A Power In Human Life.

New York, May 6.—Rarely does any discourse hold an audience with such intense interest as did that which Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered Sunday afternoon in the Academy of Music. He chose for his subject, "Conscience," the text being Matthew 27:24, "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it."

At about 7 o'clock in themorning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic, and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color, and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of 33, already on his way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is his name.

Coming out to meet him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromising, timeserving, cowardman, with a few traces of sympathy and fair-dealing left in his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midnight and midnoon.

The bloated-lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, his wrists manacled. In a broad circle around the prisoner are the Sanhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, prosecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious persecutions; and when Satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you have never seen an ecclesiastical court trying a man, then you have no idea of the foaming infernalism of these old religious Sanhedrists. Governor Pilate cross-questions the prisoner, and finds right away he is innocent, and wants to let him go. His caution is also increased by some one who comes to the governor and whispers in his ear. The governor puts his hand behind his ear so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his wife, who had a dream about the innocence of this prisoner and about the danger of executing him, and she awakens from this dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with this protest of his wife and the voice of his own conscience, and the entire failure of the Sanhedrists to make out their case, Governor Pilate resolves to discharge the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings upon the governor an equinoxial storm of indignation. They will report him to the Emperor at Rome. They will have him recalled. They will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the Emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not cease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the matter, and proposes that Christ be whipped instead of assassinated. So the prisoner is fastened to a low pillar, and on his bent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts himself from the scourging, with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and mangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffering in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece.

But the Sandhedrists are not yet satisfied. They have had some of his nerves lacerated; they want them all lacerated. They have had some of his blood; they want all of it, down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after this merciful hesitation, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify him!" But the governor finds for something. He sends a slave out to get something. Although the constables are in haste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to gaze upon their victim, a pause is necessitated. Yonder it comes, a washbowl. Some water bright as water is poured into it, and then Governor Pilate puts his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together, and then lifts them dripping, for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says: "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of the entire responsibility; you will have to look to it." This is the meaning of my text when it says: "He took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it."

Behold, in this, that ceremony amounts to nothing, if there are not in it correspondencies of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three quarters of the world water, and in that connection, cleanliness, and when the ancients did not take the hint he plunged the whole world under water and kept it there for some time. Hand washing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna gave particular directions how that the hands must be thrust three times up to the wrist in water, and the palm of the hand must be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that is well enough for a symbol, but here in the text is a man who proposes to wash away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make any repentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dead failure.

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypocritical ablution. In infancy we may be sprinkled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersions, and yet never come to moral purification of heart. We may kneel without prayer, and bow without reverence, and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds, and liturgies, and sacraments, and genuflections, and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart life go into them. When that bronze slave took from the presence of Pilate that wash basin he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty, or Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have them, either written or implied. Nothing against ceremonies; they are of infinite importance. Nothing against sacraments, they are all divinely commanded. Nothing against a rosary, if there be as many heartfelt prayers as beads counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is sweet. Nothing against Epiphany, or Lent, or Ash Wednesday, or Easter, or Good Friday, or Whitsuntide, or Palm Sunday, is these symbols have behind them genuine repentence, and holy reminiscence, and Christian consecration. But ceremony is only the sheath to the sword, it is only the shell to the kernel, it is only the lamp to the flame, it is only the body to the spirit. The outward must be symbolical of the inward. Wash the hands by all means, but more than all, wash the heart.

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest; and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That was conscience. That is converted conscience. That is religion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs and barrels and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted, and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why the thousands of dollars sent every year to the United States treasury at Washington as "conscience money?" Why, it simply means there are postmasters, and there are attorneys, and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them; and these men are converted, or under powerful pressure of conscience, make restitution. If all the money out of which the state and United States treasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchequers, there would be money enough to pay all the state debts and all the United States debt by day after to-morrow.

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocket book is converted, and the cash drawer is converted, and the fire-proof safe is converted, and the pigeonhole containing the correspondence is converted. A man half converted, or quarter converted, is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the day of judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas! for this governor, Pontius Pilate. That night after the court had adjourned and the Sanhedrim had one home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, he sees Pontius Pilate arise from his tapestried and sleepless couch, and go to the laver and begin to wash his hands, crying, "Out, out, crimson spot! Tellest thou to me, and to God, and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkali to remove these dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this carnage? Must I to the day of my death carry the blood of th's innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot!" The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience.

Here is the voice holding rivers of salvation having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figure of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having palm branches for victory, and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer, and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come ye auditory, and wash away all your sins however aggravated, and all your sorrows, however agonizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sins and uncleanliness, the furthest, the worst. You need not carry your sins half a second. Come and wash in this glorious gospel laver. Why, that is an opportunity enough to swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and beckon to Italy, and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and beckon to Russia, and it will stand at the gate of heaven and beckon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skillful surgery brought to sight, said: "Why, mother, didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother, "my child, I did tell you often; I often told you how beautiful they are; but you were blind, and you couldn't see!" Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to see the glories in Jesus Christ, we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Christian man and say, "Why didn't you tell me before of the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not hear."

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem, they gave a shout that made the earth tremble; and tradition, whether true or false, says that so great was the shout eagles flying in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this gospel temple into which you are all invited to come and wash, there would be a song jubilent and wide-resounding, as Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusalem taken, the hosannas of other worlds flying in midair would fold their wings and drop into our closing doxology. Against the disappointing and insufficient laver of Pilate's vice and Pilate's cowardice, and Pilate's sin, I place the brazen sea of a Savior's pardoning mercy!

To Make Pure Blood

There is no medicine before the people equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the standard spring medicine and blood purifier and it possesses peculiar merit which others try in vain to reach. It really makes the weak strong. Do not neglect to purify your blood this spring. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c per box.

HOW PEANUTS GROW.

The Staple Food of the Circus Requires but Little Cultivation.

All boys, and a good many of their sisters, are fond of peanuts. Everybody knows that no circus is complete without them, but probably not many boys, nor girls either, know just how they grow, says the New York Times. The peanut is supposed to be a native of Africa, where it forms the chief food of certain regions, but it is found, too, in South America and Europe, the species varying slightly in the different countries. Here in the United States it is cultivated chiefly in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. The seed planted is the meat kernel, and care is taken not to break the skins. The plant grows like a vine and the nuts hang on to it like pea pods. A single vine will, it is estimated, produce about 100 nuts, if it is of the average good condition. At this rate the yield per acre is forty bushels. Three varieties of these nuts are grown here—the white, the red and the Spanish. They are readily distinguished, as they have individual characteristics. The next time you eat a peanut with two kernels very white, with pink skins, you will know it is of the white variety, which is the most important. The shell of the red nut sometimes holds three or four dark kernels, and its skin is of a decidedly dark red, so you cannot mistake that; while the Spanish nut is so much smaller, with a lighter skin than either of the others, that it will not be mistaken for either. Nearly 5,000,000 bushels of peanuts are used in this country every year.

Another Kind of Spring.

The sun was shining brightly outside and the elephant in Barnum and Bailey's show felt the impulse of its genial influence as he reached his trunk around and banged away at the cage of his neighbor, the royal Bengal tiger, which was curled up over in the far corner.

"Say, Tigey, old boy," remarked the Elephant, "did you know spring had come?"

The royal Bengal growled and showed his teeth.

"I say," repeated the Elephant, sticking his trunk into the cage and blowing a basketful of dust over the tiger, "I say, spring has come."

The tiger bounded up and lit on the elephant's trunk, almost tearing the lid off of it with his claws.

"Wow," whistled the elephant, withdrawing it precipitately, "I didn't mean that kind of a spring," and he hunched over as far from his neighbor as he could get.

One Swallow

"don't make a spring." Neither will one bottle of Scott's Emulsion cure a well established case of Consumption, but it will ease the Cough, relieve the irritation and arrest the progress of the disease, and if persistently used, with the observance of the laws of health, will surely restore the patient in the early stages and give great comfort and prolong life in the latter stages.

It is simply Cod-liver Oil properly emulsified, combined with Hypophosphites and Glycerine. It is a tissue-builder.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

NOW FOR THE QUEEN OF SUMMERTIME.

HOW THE SUMMER GIRL OF '95 WILL DRESS.

What She Will Wear, Yachting, Wheeling, at the Dance, at Golf and Tennis.

In spite of all you may hear to the contrary, the summer girl of '95 is going to be delightfully feminine. The clothes she is ordering for her summer conquests are beribboned, bespangled and befrilled as never was seen before. Her headgear is fearfully and wonderfully compounded of roses, lilacs, violets, lace and straw, and all use dtogether on one tiny love of a bonnet. Even if the summer girl does mean to vote, if she is ever willing to own to being old enough, don't imagine for a minute that she intends to wear stiff linen shirts, masculine

THE TENNIS GIRL.

collars and cravats, and tailor-made outer garments of Quaker hue during the leafy month of June and the oppressive months of July and August.

The summer girl of '95 is blessed with the same good sense which has been the portion of all summer girls since that species of womankind came to bless and brighten this sober old earth.

I had the courtesy extended me last week of sitting in a delightful little morning room and watching a maid unpack some of the pretty gowns, wraps and bonnets the prettiest summer girl in the whole of New York is going to wear at Newport, Bar Harbor and Lenox during next three months.

She and her mamma had been shopping in Paris since Lent began, and they had done their work right well, if the piles of pretty things were to be taken as evidence.

Spangles over everything, hats so trimmed with flowers that they looked like flower beds of the most vivid and varied hues, great fluffy boas of black double tulle, of white or colored tulle, the colors being selected to match the petals of flowers with which they are flecked all over; these were the things which struck me first as I looked at the kaleidoscope which came from between the folds and folds of silky tissue paper.

Just think how this pretty blond summer girl is going to look in this ball gown. The full, plain skirt is of rose-colored duchesse satin, and the corsage is covered with rose tulle spangled with gold and rose colored crystals. A large double plait, edged on both sides with cream gros de faln gracefully down the front. The bouffant sleeves are of the satin covered with two flounces of lace. On the left shoulder is a bunch of yellow and red roses. The belt is made with a large butterfly bow in the back.

Another dream of a ball dress was of maize-colored satin, trimmed at the bottom with a ruching of butterfly bows, tulle and satin. The bodice was covered with tulle and trimmed in front and behind with two tulle braces embroidered with black spangles and pearls. On the right shoulder was fastened a bunch of roses, shading from tea to deepest yellow. The slippers were of spangled yellow satin, and the fan was of yellow tulle spangled in black and gold.

Most of the pretty wraps were of the regulation short cape, not coming quite to the waistline. One was of crepon, but there were several of silk studded with spangles. A very pretty one, but almost too heavy for comfort, was of dark green silk, covered with large iridescent green spangles over-

ON A WHEEL.

lapping each other after the manner of fish scales. The prettiest one of the lot was of heavy white satin spangled in silver with arabesque figures embroidered in pearls.

Just read about this yachting suit our girl has brought over, and see if she means to be demure and prim when the yacht races are in progress this summer. The full round skirt is of white broadcloth, to match the cutaway jacket. The shirt waist will be of creamy white silk, silvery blue or the regulation navy blue silk, just as the occasion requires or our maiden wills.

They are made with a large hollow pleat in the center of the blouse, and here is where the crowning glory of the suit comes in, for securely fastened down this pleat are jeweled buttons beautiful to behold of real turquoise, pearl and gold. The cuff buttons match and so does the little stick pin which fastens the sailor knot at the throat. The yachting caps will be white or any shade of blue to match the silk blouse. Of course it will be embroidered in gold letters with the name of the yachting girl's favorite boat. Shoes, gloves and parasol will be of spotless white.

Our summer girl owned up to riding a bicycle, and she has brought over two wheeling costumes which would serve as models. One is of gray corduroy made with full, short skirts and box pleated Norfolk jacket. The blouse waist is of gray silk, and the trim leggings, half shoes, gloves and tiny ...pine hat are of the same dust-proof color.

The second suit is of deep tan serge, rain and dust proof and much more desirable for the heat of a midsummer day than the more beautiful silvery gray suit.

Our maiden has a collection of bathing suits, but as yet she has not laid in her supply of bathing shoes and stockings. Tell it not aloud, but this particular summer girl told me that it

"EVERY MUSCLE ACHES"

"And dreadful pains rob me of sleep and rest." To all such Outicura Anti-Pain Plaster brings instant and grateful relief.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

How to Cure Yourself While Using It.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco, to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. Baco-Curo is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin Physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure, purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want, while taking Baco-Curo, it will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. Baco-Curo is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke. Sold by all druggists, with our ironclad guarantee, at $1.00 per box. (thirty days treatment,) $2.50, or sent direct upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX, BOOKLET AND PROOFS FREE. Eureka Chemical & Manufacturing Company, Manufacturing Chemists, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

was a question which had been discussed very thoroughly in her set during the winter whether or no the Trilby craze would warrant girls with dainty slender feet going into the water with these same little rose-leafed toes bare and uncovered. Until a certain number of her crowd pledged themselves to dare or not to dare, this wise little dimpled maiden will suspend her purchases of these hitherto indispensible articles.

For morning wear this summer girl will wear full skirts with godets, organ or box pleats in the back. The material she has chosen is crepele, a very light weight crepon. She has skirts and jackets of blue gray, Venetian red, black, deep violet and bright green. She will wear with them shirt waists of cool, lace trimmen linen, silk and pique.

The only new features in these waists are the collars, which are very deep turnover affairs, and the sleeves, which are decidedly smaller, flatter at the shoulder and bulging in the middle.

Her tennis suits were of white pique with brocaded effects of blue and black and green on black. The skirt is perfectly plain, and the blouse has three box pleats in the back, and one pleat with a quilling of black ribbon on either side directly in front.

There were matinees and tea gowns of shimmering silk trimmed with a wealth of ribbons, and afternoon gowns of silk and tulle in various shades and blendings. Plaids were greatly in evidence for skirts and the bodices, no matter what their shape or fashion, were of the plain material.

Of course the summer girl of '95 means to play golf when the season arrives, as well as tennis, and she took especial pride in showing me her golf cape, which was cut shorter than those we have grown used to. The material used was rough brown cloth of light texture. It was opened over the shoulder to show a fold of Scotch plaid, which was also used to line the hood at the back. The frogs and ruching at the neck were of black satin.

The parasols numbered eight, and were made up for the most part of chiffon and artificial flowers, and some of them look like nothing so much as a ballet girl's tulle skirt. Some were lined with rose color, which by the way is very becoming to most faces, and some were not lined at all to show the gilt ribs. Dresden china, mother of pearl, coral and ivory in its natural coloring were used for the handles.

SENDS HIM A BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

Every Time the Millionaire Comes to Town He is Greeted.

A New Orleans lady who has three children to support by her literary work was properly introduced, and her worthiness vouched for by a friend, to P. D. Armour, of Chicago. Mr. Armour became interested in the "brave little mother," so heroically fighting the wolf from the door, and assured her that his assistance was at her command.

One day she called, having spent her last quarter for a rose, which she kept carefully concealed under a faded shawl, for what could one give a twenty millionaire, said she, "but a flower?" The doorkeeper returned with an answer to the effect that "Mr. Armour was too busy to see her." Taking the rose from under her well-worn shawl, she wrote on a slip of paper: "So was God Almighty busy when He was making this rose." Then she went back to the little cheerless room that she called "home." In about thirty minutes one of Armour's boys came knocking at the door and said: "Mr. Armour would like to see the lady, and wished her to come to the office at once."

When she got there the rose was in a big glass gracing the middle of Mr. A.'s desk. He met her smiling, and said: "You have taught me a lesson as good as a minister." But the telephone bells were ringing, and still he talked on about the children and their education and her own health, etc. Then he put two $100 bills in her hand and told her to cheer up, that he would always be her friend.

She was a picture, coming down those office steps, and when one of Mr. Armour's private secretaries remarked something about "tears in her voice" she told him that she was giving such men as Mr. Armour a chance to get a seat in heaven. "But his mother educated his heart," said she. "I can only educate my children's heads." She is married now, and resides in New York in a private residence up town, and every time Mr. Armour comes to New York she sends him a great white rose.—Chicago Herald.

Laughter Lends a New Charm

To beauty when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant SOZODONT.

CASE OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Pat Held His Tongue, Though the Surgeon Hurt Him.

"One of the most remarkable cases of faith I have ever seen," said a well-known physician, recently, "occurred when I was a student in Philadelphia.

"I had a patient, an Irishman, with a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed and a lighter one put in its place, I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty and I could not understand it. A week afterward, in removing the pin, I found that it had stuck hard and fast and I was forced to remove it with the forceps. What was my astonishment on making an examination to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice instead of the cloth.

"'Why, Pat,' said I, 'didn't you know that pin was sticking in you?'

"'To be shure I did,' replied Pat; 'but I thought you knowed your business and so I hilt me tongue.'"

What Was the Matter With Him?

It was 2 o'clock in the morning and colder than four kinds of charity, when the policeman saw the man standing at the street corner shivering until his heels rattled on the pavement.

"What's the matter?" asked the officer, approaching him.

"I—I—I'm cold," shivered the man.

"What are you standing out here for?"

"Every place is shut up."

"Have you a home?"

"Yes."

"Can't you get in there?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you? You'll freeze here."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said the man, bracing up to a degree of firmness, "but I'd rather be froze than be roasted, and my wife is waiting up for me, because the light was turned up full when I was round there a while ago."

"Um," grunted the policeman, and invited him to remain where he was and continue to shiver.

The Great American Title.

The only title we have in this country is Colonel, and it is so cheap that nobody will buy it.—Galveston News.

The Sunday School.

Jesus Before Pilate.

LESSON 7, MAY 19, 1895.

Golden Text—But Jesus yet answered nothing, so that Pilate marveled.—Mark 15:5.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 15:1-15. Memory verses: 14,15.)

1. And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council, and bound Jesus, and carried Him away, and delivered Him to Pilate.

2. And Pilate asked him, Art thou the King of the Jews? And He answering said unto him, Thou sayest it.

3. And the chief priests accused Him of many things, but he answered nothing.

4. And Pilate asked Him again, saying, Answerest thou nothing? behold how many things they witness against thee.

5. But Jesus yet answered nothing; so that Pilate marveled.

6. Now at that feast he released unto them one prisoner, whomsoever they desired.

7. And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection.

8. And the multitude crying aloud began to desire him to do as he had ever done unto them.

9. But Pilate answered them, saying, Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?

10. For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy.

11. But the chief priests moved the people that he should rather release Barabbas unto them.

12. And Pilate answered and said unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto Him whom you call the King of the Jews?

13. And they cried out again, Crucify Him.

14. Then Pilate said unto them, Why, what evil hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify Him.

15. And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged Him, to be crucified.

Illustrative Applications.

And straightway in the morning the whole council held a consultation (v. 1). Beginning early in the morning may be a good work, and it may be a bad one. Each new day is a new beginning, and we are responsible for its direction and consequences. It were better to begin a day's beginning than to begin early and go wrong. How we begin is even more important than when we begin. But if we take counsel with God as to our course we cannot begin too early; and we should begin, continue, and end the day in his service.

Pilate asked him, Art thou the King of the Jews? (v. 2.) Asking a question in honest desire for knowledge is one thing. Asking a question as a way out of a difficulty, or as a means of evading responsibility, is quite another thing. Many a man asks questions about Jesus only in order to find an excuse for not submitting himself to him. Pilate asked a direct question, and Jesus answered it; but Pilate did not change his course in consequence. Unless a man wants to know the truth in order to do right, questions about Jesus or answers from Jesus do him no good. Jesus cannot help a man who will not be helped.

Answerest thou nothing? behold how many things they accuse thee of (v. 4). To many it seems strange that Jesus does not make reply in some way or other to the many criticisms of his course on the part of doubters as to his divinity. Yet silence before his accusers has been his course from the beginning. If men are to believe in him they must be influenced by his personality and his character, rather than by any outside evidence in its appeal to the senses. Jesus would not throw himself from the temple pinnacle in the sight of all Jerusalem, in order to convince men that he was the Messiah. He would not rise from the grave and appear above the earth in the glory of his divine majesty to prove to all that he had triumphed over death. He permits scoffers and enemies to sneer at his claims without giving a word of answer, at the present time. Yet none need be in doubt as to the truth concerning him. He discloses himself to the honest seeker, although he will not deign a reply to any accusation or challenge.

At the feast he used to release unto them one prisoner, whom they asked him to do. We have many opportunities of choice, and responsibility goes with the privilege. Every day is a feast day so far. We can choose between the good and the bad, and have our choice with its consequences. In the family, in society, in church life we are called to say whether that which is best shall be dominant, or that which is unworthy shall be preferred. And our choice both indicates and shapes our characters. God puts the opportunity of choice before us, and then leaves us to decide as we prefer.

What then shall I do unto him whom ye call the king of the Jews? (v. 12.) If we choose another than Jesus as the object of our love or of our service, we must still decide what to do with him. His claims press themselves on our attention ceaselessly. Woe may postpone an answer to him for the time being, without intending to reject him finally; but again we must meet his call to accept him as our Saviour, or to refuse salvation itself. What are we to do with Jesus?

They cried out, Crucify him (v. 13). Unless we decide for Jesus, we are sure to decide against him. We may dally for a time with the question, and may hope to evade the direct issue, but if the question be pressed, as it will be, we shall finally say, "Away with him." If we are not for Jesus we are against him. If we are unwilling to serve him, we shall find that the only real alternative is his destruction, and that we shall be bent. To refuse obedience to Jesus is to take a stand against his sovereignty, and so against himself.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

More Than He Bargained For.

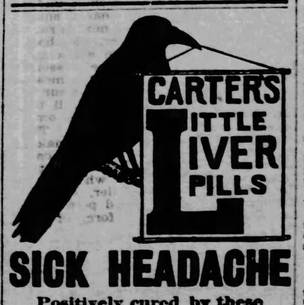
Some years ago a regiment of volunteers were encamped on the outskirts of Weymouth, Dorsetshire. Among those whose curiosity led them to the encampment were three hardy Portlanders.

As there three were strolling round the camp they came across a large tent, over which was written the following notice: "Dinners—as much as you like for a shilling." Being hungry, the three went in to dine. They began their meal, and after five other parties had come in, dined, and left again, they were still busy eating!

Presently a young man, evidently one of the attendants, came up, and, tapping noe of them lightly on the shoulder, said in a low voice: "Here! you chaps, the governor sent me to say that if you like to go now he won't charge you anything for what you have already eaten."—Weymouth (Eng.) News.

Giving Her Encouragement.

"Now, tell me," said Miss Flatnote, in a compliment-couring tone, "do you think my singing voice is at all adapted for the stage?" "Certainly, mademoiselle," replied the professor, "admirably adapted, and for a very difficult class of stage work." "Oh, you mean to flatter me!" "Not at all. I refer to pantomime."—Boston Transcript.



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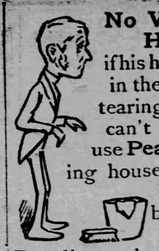


No Wonder He Dreads It, if his house is cleaned in the old-fashioned, tearing-up way. Why can't a man's wife use **Pearline** for cleaning house, and let him keep comfortable? That's all she needs—**Pearline** and water—to make it an easy thing (and a quick one,) both for herself and for everybody around her. Everything in the house, from cellar to attic, can be cleaned best with **Pearline.** Besides, with your paint and wood-work and such things, you'll save a lot of wear that comes from useless scrubbing.

Beware of imitations. 410 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

THE KETTLE DRUMMER.

The Only Woman Performer—Sketch of Her Life.

"How many instruments do you play?" was the first question I asked, after settling down for my chat with Miss Ellis, says a writer in St. Paul's, London. "Only ten," was the modest reply of this young musical genius, who is of Irish descent, and comes of a family of soldiers. Three of her ancestors fought at Waterloo, one of whom was the brave Sir Henry Ellis, who was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and fell toward the close of the day, when leading the 23d from the rear of Hougumont against the attack of the Old Guard. With the exception of Colonel Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, he was the only officer below the rank of general who was mentioned in Wellington's Waterloo dispatch. Two of Miss Ellis's uncles—her fathers brothers—were killed in the Sikh campaign.

She inherits her musical and other gifts from her father, who took his degrees at Oxford, and is an authority on the science of music, besides possessing great constructive powers.

"Did you not invent a new system of notation, and write an article about it for 'The University Review'?"

"Yes; but the same idea has been suggested 200 years ago. My article was entitled 'The Abolition of Clefs,' which explained means to reduce all music to one clef by adding one line to the staff. I submitted the proof to Sir George Grove, who fully indorsed my system."

"How was this musical innovation received?"

"Oh! I had shoals of congratulatory letters from musicians, but a critic on a leading musical paper attacked me in eleven columns. I replied in a column and a half in the same paper, but although the editor sent me a proof he never published the letter."

Miss Ellis plays five instruments in public, and is the only lady performer on the kettle-drums in England. She plays the violin and the side drums. To attain proficiency on the latter instrument—which experts say cannot be learned after the age of ten—she practiced seven hours a day.

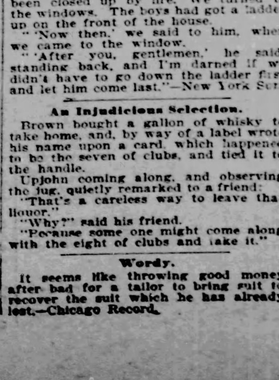
"Do you not find the drums very difficult to play?" I asked.

"Yes, they are; for though they need no practice when you have once acquired the roll, a good deal of presence of mind is necessary, being unsupported and alone, if you are called upon, as I have been frequently, to play before 2,000 people, under a strange conductor, with strange music, often in manuscript, and a pair of drums possibly out of repair, for the last things a conductor attends to are the drums."

"Are you never nervous?"

"Not very often, although, as an old trumpeter once said to me, 'You've got to keep your eyes on three things at once—the conductor's baton, the music and the drums, and you've only got two eyes to do it with.'"

In addition to being a multifarious instrumentalist, Miss Ellis has a fine contralto voice. She is, moreover, a



THE KETTLE DRUMMER.

clever sculptor. She first started modelling at the Brighton and Hove Schools of Art, working hard at home between her lessons. She was afterward advised by the professors at Brighton to take lessons from Mr. Roscoe Mullins, who says he never had so clever a pupil. One of her many talents would be enough for an ordinary mortal; it is exceptional to find a young girl so richly endowed, yet withal so modest and retiring. In appearance, Miss Ellis is very delicate and fragile-looking, and her looks do not belie her; but she manages to get through a good deal of hard and steady work. She is an omnivorous reader, a good French and German scholar and a bright and amusing talker.

DIDN'T MIND THE FIRE.

A Man Who Preserved His Politeness While the House Was Burning.

"The coolest man I ever saw," said a veteran fireman. "I met at a fire in a dwelling house. We found him in an upstairs front room dressing to go out. The fire by this time was billing up through the floor at a great rate.

"'Hello, there,' we hollered to him when we looked in at the door, 'the house is afire.'

"'Would you disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?' he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking around at us. He had on a low waistcoat, and his dress coat lay across the chair.

"Seeing us staring at him he stopped his comb into his hair again and went on combing. But as a matter of fact he was about ready. He put down the comb, put on his coat and hat, and picked up his overcoat.

"'Now I am ready, gentlemen,' he said.

"We started, but the stairway had now been closed up by fire. We turned to the windows. The boys had got a ladder up on the front of the house.

"'Now then,' we said to him, when we came to the window.

"'After you, gentlemen,' he said, standing back, and I'm darned if we didn't have to go down the ladder first and let him come last."—New York Sun.

An Injudicious Selection.

Brown bought a gallon of whisky to take home, and, by way of a label wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle.

Upjohn coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked to a friend:

"That's a careless way to leave that liquor."

"Why?" said his friend.

"Because some one might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

Wordy.

It seems like throwing good money after bad for a tailor to bring suit to recover the suit which he has already lost.—Chicago Record.

BOTTOM-FEEDING FISH.

PLENTY OF LIFE FOUND AT THE SEA BOTTOM.

Fish That Roam Among Rocks and Marine Plants and Find Secure Hiding Places.

There are many fish that live at the bottom of the sea, and very seldom come to the top, except when pursued by an enemy. They include the halibut, flatfish and skate. There are, however, many bottom-feeding fish that move about much more freely—such as the blackfish, codfish, burgall, sculpin and sea raven. These like

BURGALLS.

to roam around among the rocks and bushes on the bottom, where they find food and hiding places. The black fish or tautog, get into crevices and stay there, perhaps for months. The crevices afford them protection from the action of tides and currents, and secure them also from molestation by other fishes that keep abroad during the winter season. In these respects the sea bass is much like the blackfish.

Marine plants may grow in consider-

BLACKFISH.

able areas of in clumps or detached masses. They grow wherever there is anything for them to attach themselves to, such as a stone, submerged cribwork, or a sunken wreck. Wherever marine plants are found there also are to be found small crustacea and other animal life. Fish seek such places for food, and in this manner a sunken wreck, for example, soon becomes a center of all kinds of marine life.

The pictures here given are of fish life in the New York Aquarium. In a number of the wall tanks there are rocks or marine growths of one kind or another, among which the fish love to hide or to lie quietly. The delicate plant-like growths seen in these pictures are all sertularia, and are really not plants, but formations built up by thousands of minute animals. The fish in these tanks are burgalls and blackfish. Sometimes they get into the sertularia, or, as in the tank where the stone standing on edge is shown, between the sertularia and the stone, and remain there for hours motionless.

A One-Horse Hotel.

The pompous, want-the-earth gentleman from an eastern city was stopping for a day or two on business in a Michigan town which is only large enough to maintain one hotel kept very nicely by a very nice woman, but, of course, not up to the metropolitan standard. The pompous gentleman found himself generally obnoxious by his constant demands for what it was impossible to give him, and by his criticisms and complaints, and the ire of accommodations. Finally the lady herself was called in.

"Can't I get anything I want in this house, madam?" he said to her.

"You can get anything we have, but no more, sir," she responded.

"Well, it's strange that when a man pays his good money he gets nothing for it."

"I'm sorry, but really we are doing the best we can."

"Probably you are," he grumbled, "but I'm not used to stopping at a one-horse hotel."

Then her temper got the best of her manners.

"I suppose not," she retorted, "and I'm real sorry there isn't a one-hog hotel in town so you could go to it and feel better satisfied.—Detroit Free Press.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wash it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Willing for the Sacrifice.

"I am sorry for you, Walter," said the kind-hearted surgeon, "but the thumb will have to come off."

"My hand won't be of much use, will it, doctor?" inquired Walter, tearfully.

"You will

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

Is It True? Do Its Readers Understand It, or Not?

"Coin's Financial School" is the title of a little book, which has been sold by hundreds of thousands, treating of the silver question. By some of its readers it is accepted in good faith as a conclusive argument, while others find themselves unsatisfied, and desire more light upon many points.

We have, within the past few weeks, been receiving shoals of letters asking for information about various points in this book, and inquiries whether there is not more to be said than is given in the pages of "Coin."

We propose, in a short time, to begin the publication of a series of articles, in which we shall take the book up chapter by chapter, giving such information as has been asked for, and to some extent completing the work by presenting in much fuller form the points which necessarily could not be completely discussed without making the book too large.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

For a few weeks longer, we will offer to any subscriber, when he sends the renewal of his subscription, who will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade, a copy of not only the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, but also his choice of any of the following books:

"Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dreams Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of an African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resartus," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends." All standard works, no trash.

Remember the $1 should be sent to The Blade direct, and not through an agent.

Understand, we mean exactly what we say. For one dollar mailed to us, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, a copy of either of the above-named books, and a copy of the "Nasby Letters." We believe that the above offer includes more reading matter for a dollar than it is possible to buy elsewhere on earth.

We have a few copies left of "Nasby in Exile," which we will substitute in the place of the "Nasby Letters," when desired.

SOME TARIFF FIGURES FOR FARMERS.

The Democratic party has robbed the farmer.

This is not a demagogic statement, because it is true and easily proven. The robbery was done by the Democratic tariff law and it is easy to prove it from the records made up by Democrats. Instead of opening the markets of the world to American farmers the operations of the Democratic tariff have closed up hundreds of ports, and not only this, but it has resulted in increased importations of products which compete with our farmers in their home markets, reducing the price of their products and bringing them into direct competition with the pauper labor of other countries.

Is this true?

The Democratic tariff has been in operation long enough to make comparisons possible, and the figures are from the Democratic records. In New York state alone the importation of barley during the first five months of the new tariff was two hundred times as much as during the corresponding five months of the previous year under the Republican tariff.

The increase is almost as large in oats and rye, while the importations of wheat and wheat flour have almost doubled during the same time. The importation of flax under the McKinley law for a certain number of months was $75,215, while for the same number of months under the Democratic tariff the amount reached $254,746. There has also been a large increase in imports of beans, peas, vegetables meats, fruits, and all kinds of live stock.

While our farmers have this competition to meet at home their sales abroad are falling off at an alarming rate. The exports of farm products during the seven months ending February 1st, amounted to $356,465,370, while during the seven months of the preceding year the value of these exports was $414,440,673.

It is the old story of Democratic history repeating itself, of Democratic promises never fulfilled. As usual the Democrats have been legislating for the producers of foreign countries and against our own farmers.

Your can't trust Democracy.

A Chicago minister has figured it out that it costs on an average $450 to convert a Chicago citizen, while a heathen in foreign lands can be converted for less than half that sum. Better turn your attention to the heathen; it is doubtful if the Chicago investment is worth the money.

Rumor says Justice Jackson will decide against the constitutionality of the income tax. Perhaps Olney's arguments will change his views, however, at the rehearing of the case.

New York has just honored the memory of Geoge Washington. But what about the Grant monument?

If Russia and Japan conclude to go to war, China will leave her wash tub long enough to see the fun.

It becomes more and more apparent that Secretary Carlisle is a poor guesser on revenues.

Will the Delaware legislature find time to adjourn for the Fourth of July this year?

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

The Ohio organ of the liquor trade, in a recent issue, has the following, which we reproduce to show the line of argument and modes of thought of the saloon element. It is headed, "Personal Liberty Assailed by Certain Monopolists All Over the Country:"

The officials of the Chicago & Alton railway have issued an order regulating the mode and habits of life of some of their employes. It read as follows:

The officials of the Chicago & Alton railway have issued an order regulating the mode and habits of life of some of their employes. It reads as follows: "The use of beer or any other intoxicating liquor by any employe of this company while on duty is strictly prohibited, and no employe will be allowed to have such liquor in or about any station, shop, or yard, or other premises of this company, at any time or under any circumstances. Any conductor, trainman, engineer, fireman, switchman, or other employe who is known to use intoxicating liquors or frequent gambling places or other places of low resort, either while on or off duty, will be promptly and permanently dismissed from the service of this company."

To the first part of this order we have no objection, but when the company threaten the personal liberty of their employes when off duty, is is about time to call a halt.

It is more than essential that all railroad employes should be sober, honest men, but the rule applies equally well to the millionaire president as to the lowly switchman, and it ill becomes the former, who enjoys his swell club, with all the fine brands of wines and liquors at his disposal, to issue orders to prevent his less fortunate brother in enjoying his social glass in the poor man's club, the saloon.

The last paragraph betrays the animus of the writer. It is intended as an appeal to the poor man against the rich one—to stir up hatred to the end that the saloon may be benefited. We quite agree that all railway men—and all others, for that matter—should be "sober, honest men," but is it fair to assume that the presidents and other officials of all our railroads are club members, and habitual users of "the finest brands of wines and liquors?" If the paragraph means anything, it means this. But this is a pure assumption. Men of affairs, with important business interests depending upon themselves, are not drinking men, as a rule. They are shrewd enough to know that they can not be. They need clear heads and unclouded brains, else their business will suffer, and their own personal interests as well.

It will be noted that the paper in question has not the hardihood to oppose the rule that men must not drink when on duty. It attacks only that part of the rule which threatens dismissal as the penalty for drinking, gambling and frequenting low resorts when they are off duty. But the man who spends a night in debauchery is not in fit condition the next day to perform any duty the neglect of which may imperil life or property; and carelessness on the part of railway employes involves this danger. Such destruction means not only positive loss of rolling stock to the company, but heavy damages for property lost or persons killed or injured. The rule is simply an ordinary business precaution, necessary for the public safety as well as for the protection of the company.

There is no doubt that employers are becoming more and more averse to employing drinking men. The avenues to useful and profitable employment are slowly closing against those who are the slaves of drink; and this fact, of itself, is one of the evidences of the steady approach of the time when public opinion will become strong enough, of itself, to abolish the saloon, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE ROTHSCHILDS BUYING GOLD.

We are in receipt of the following note from a Toledo reader:

Editor Blade.—Your daily dispatches of May 1 announce that the Rothschilds, through their agents, bought largely of the production of American gold last month, taking it direct from the smelters at an advance in price over what the United States government offered for it. Will you kindly explain, if you can, why the Rothschilds are so desirous to get American gold, which should go into the United States Treasury? CATO.

Any person can take gold bullion to the mint, and have it coined, after paying certain small charges. The coinage laws of the United States provide (Secs. 3519 to 3524, U. S. Revised Statutes) that he shall be charged the net cost of refining and alloying to make "standard" gold of it—that is, nine-tenths pure gold and one-tenth alloy—and then one-fifth of one per cent for coining. Now, if the Rothschilds, or any one else, should offer to purchase the bullion at a slight advance, why not sell it to them? The mint does not buy the gold; it will either coin it, as above, for the owner, or will exchange it for gold coin at the same rate. It does not go into the United States Treasury, as Cato seems to suppose, and hence the sale to the Rothschilds does not affect the Treasury stock of gold.

The reason the Rothschilds are buying gold is undoubtedly to complete the contract to take the last issue of our bonds. Hence this gold will go into the Treasury. That great banking firm is at the head of the bond syndicate, and our correspondent will recall that the syndicate obligated itself not only to take the bonds, paying for them in gold, but also to protect the Treasury gold reserve.

If a foreigner buys gold bullion and takes it out of the country, he pays for it in money of some kind; and if all our varieties of money are as good as is the gold, then no harm can come to us, any more than from the sale and export of wheat, or cotton, or copper, or any other of our products.

LINCOLN'S MONUMENT.

The legislature of Illinois passed a bill this week which provides for the placing of the Lincoln monument at Springfield under the control of the state. The monument was erected by a private association which has neither the patriotism, enterprise or money to keep it in proper repair. As a result, the tomb of the martyr President is fast becoming a ruin, a thing disgraceful to the state and to the entire country.

Now that Illinois is in possession of this memorial, her enterprise, coupled with her state pride and her reverence for her greatest citizen, will at once place the tomb in proper repair. The country as well as Illinois, claims Lincoln, and will be interested in the restoration of the memorial.

Ohio has a duty to perform along this line. This state should come into possession of the neglected and almost unmarked grave of her greatest orator, Tom Corwin, who was Congressman, Senator, governor and Secretary of the Treasury. His grave at Lebanon is a ruin.

Rockefeller says his ambition is to accumulate a fortune of half a billion. If he keeps on pushing the oil market up and down he will certainly reach his limit.

Mr. Gresham is reported as saying that the Monroe doctrine has lost its power. Of course it has when its enforcement depends on a putty administration.

CORINTO EVACUATED.

The British naval forces evacuated Corinto on Sunday, under an agreement between the British and Nicaraguan governments, whereby the latter obligates itself to pay the $75,000 indemnity in London within fifteen days after the evacuation. This ends one part of the Nicaragua imbroglio. There are other questions to be settled between the two countries, growing out of the Bluefields affair, but there is not much danger that any grave complications will arise in this settlement.

Great Britain has accomplished more, however, than merely compelling little Nicaragua to obey her ultimatum. There are two other, and vastly more important, points made by Great Britain. They are:

First—A new principle of international policy, that one nation may arbitrarily assess damages on another (and weaker) nation, without resort to arbitration, and proceed to collect the same by armed force.

Second—The breaking down of the Monroe doctrine. Great Britain has certainly "oppressed" an American nation, and the United States government has declined to interfere. A precedent is thus set which we will find difficult to overcome in the future.

So far as the United States is concerned, we have not seen the last of the Nicaraguan episode. Great Britain is not in any hurry. She proposes to obtain partial or complete control of the Nicaraguan canal, and has laid her plans accordingly. The episode now ending is but a step in their accomplishment. What the next one will be none can tell. Time alone will develop it. But every patriotic American must fervently hope that when that time comes a different President may be in the White House—one who will uphold the dignity of the nation, and compel Great Britain to keep hands off the smaller American republics.

JAPAN AND CHINA.

The reports from the East are somewhat conflicting. It will be remembered that the plenipotentaries of Japan and China met at Shimonoseki and formulated a treaty of peace, whereby China recognized Korea's independence, and agreed to give up to Japan the island of Formosa and the group of the Pescadore islands, off its coast; also Port Arthur and the Liao Tung peninsula, as far northward as the fortieth parallel of latitude. China also agreed to pay $150,000,000 indemnity to Japan.

The Japanese emperor ratified the treaty, but before the emperor of China did this, Russia, France and Germany intervened. Russia declared that it would be inimical to her interests to allow Japan to obtain authority over any portion of the Asiatic main land, and therefore required her to abandon all claim to Port Arthur and the Liao Tung peninsula, intimating that she would proceed to war if this was not done. France and Germany backed up this demand, and the fleets of the three nations in Pacific waters are assembled at Che Foo to await orders from their respective governments.

The Chinese emperor finally signed the treaty, and the formal exchange of ratifications at Che Foo will end the trouble so far as those two nations are concerned. Japan has now to deal with Russia and the latter's two allies.

The latest press dispatches at hand at this writing say that Japan will consent to give up the Liao Tung peninsula except Port Arthur, and a small tract adjoining, including Talien Wan. This, of course, will not satisfy Russia. The situation is ominous, and there is danger of war which would inevitably involve other European nations.

THE DELAWARE SENATORSHIP.

It looks as if the Delaware legislature would adjourn without electing a United States Senator. The deadlock does not seem to be nearer an end than when it began. If there is an adjournment without an election, the Democratic governor will appoint a Democrat to the vacancy, and this may make it possible for the Democrats to organize the next United States Senate.

Such a result would be the outcome of making a seat in the Senate a matter of purchase. Mr. Higgins should be re-elected without opposition. So far as fitness for the position is concerned, Mr. Addicks would never have been heard of, but because he is supposed to have looked after the prosperity of certain members of the legislature, the state will likely lose a Senator and the Republican party the Senate.

The party in Delaware will be held responsible for such a condition. It has trifled with the position for months. It will end in giving another Senator to the state and perhaps in saddling upon the country another Democratic Senate and blocking Republican legislation.

INCOME TAX REHEARING.

The Supreme court of the United States is now engaged in listening to the arguments for a rehearing of the income tax cases. This is technically the purpose of the arguments now proceeding, but in reality they are addressed to the question of the constitutionality of the law. Justice Jackson is now on the bench, and it will be possible to have the question decided by a majority of the court, instead of by an even division, as before.

It is possible that Justice Jackson will in reality give the casting vote; hence his position is of commanding interest. He is an excellent constitutional lawyer, and one of the best jurists in the United States, and hence the people of the United States may rest assured that his decision will be in accordance with sound legal principles, and a settlement of the vexed question thus be finally reached.

Ohio is to be another Democratic storm center this year. The battle between the free silver and the sound money factions of that party is to be bitter. Brice will marshal the cohorts of the latter, and Gen. Warner and other free silver chiefs are eager to pick up the gage thus thrown down.

Secretary Carlisle will make a tour of Kentucky this month, speaking at prominent points on the currency question. It looks as though the battle will be decided this year instead of next.

Col. Brice is against the free coinage of silver, and as that gentleman owns the Democratic party in Ohio, having bought and paid for it, his authority in dictating to it should not be questioned.

It is now probable that Great Britain may proceed to collect that $3,000,000 claim against Honduras. Just keep an eye on Johnny Bull.

We agree with the suggestion that President Cleveland and his cabinet organize a good government club.

Gresham may call it diplomacy, but the people call it outfrogging.

AFTER EIGHT MONTHS.

The end of the eighth month of the new tariff law finds the erstwhile friends of that measure in deep gloom. "Conceived in sin and born in iniquity," its record thus far has been quite in keeping with its parentage. The very announcement of its prospective appearance, made on the morning after the election of 1892, caused a shudder to run over the business community, a sort of chill, which preceded a serious and dangerous illness.

From the moment that the country knew that there was to be a new tariff law business languished. When Congress was called together and ordered to get to work on the new tariff, the business of the country collapsed altogether. From August 1893 to September 1894, the country was in a state of absolute chaos, caused by the prospect of rearrangement and reductions, nobody knew what or when or how much or in what manner. Yet, the first eight months of the new law actually fails to produce as much revenue as did the old law in the corresponding eight months of last year, in the midst of that fearful business depression, while it falls far short of the receipts during the first or last eight months of the operations of the old law.

The much vaunted new law in its first eight months failed to produce as much revenue as did the McKinley law in any eight months of its history.

The darkest days of the entire history of the McKinley law were from September 1, 1893, to May 1, 1894, the very eight months with which we now compare the workings of the new law, from September 1, 1894, to May 1, 1895. It was from September 1, 1893, to May 1, 1894, that the receipts were at their very lowest. This was due to the business depression and the tariff uncertainty. Banks were crashing, business houses suspending, importers shutting down business, and the revenues of the government falling in every way.

Now, keeping this in mind, that the lowest receipts during the McKinley law were from September 1, 1893, to May 1, 1894, let us see how the receipts of that disastrous period compare with the receipts under the Wilson law. The Wilson law went into effect a few days prior to the first of September, 1894. It has now been in operation eight months. The receipts under it were from September 1, 1894, to May 1, 1895, a total of $183,887,035. During the corresponding period of the preceding year, under the McKinley law, the receipts were $189,314,735. Thus it will be seen that the new law in its first eight months has produced actually less revenue than the McKinley law ever did, in its period of greatest misfortune.

WHAT BLAINE WOULD HAVE DONE.

Had James G. Blaine been secretary of state the past year Americans would not now be hanging their heads in shame and humiliation. There would have been no such ending of the Nicaraguan difficulty, if it is ended, for Great Britain would not have been allowed to place in jeopardy the interests of this country.

With Blaine secretary of state England would not have sent war vessels to Nicaragua, neither would British forces have been permitted to have taken possession of Corinto. Mr. Blaine would not have quibbled over technical points of the Monroe doctrine. He would have broadened that principle and made it yet more American. He would have demanded more for Nicaragua than for the United States because of the weakness of that country.

He would have demanded the arbitration of the entire dispute between England and Nicaragua and he would have insisted on his demands in a way that England would have been glad to accept his proposition.

He would have reflected the sentiment of the patriotic American people. He would have recognized the bond of interests of the governments of this continent, and he would have given England to understand that there was a statesman and not a pettifogger conducting the foreign policy of this government.

Under his guidance instead of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, with whom we are in partnership in the construction of the great canal, being unfriendly as they now are, they would be under renewed obligations for the protection of the American flag.

The people of the United States know well the intents and purposes of Great Britain. They know that country is greedy for more territory and especially for a foothold on the Western continent in the vicinity of the Nicaragua canal. Knowing all this the patriotic citizens of this country are impatient at the policy of non interference pursued by the men of putty now conducting our affairs.

If ever there was a time when statesmanship was needed it this country it is now, the kind of statesmanship which will reflect the loftiest patriotism of the people.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

Every feature of current finance reflects the improving conditions. During last week the notable feature in New York was the weakness in foreign exchange. This reflects the renewal of confidence in American securities abroad. European investors feel that they are safe in investing money in them, and the improvement in trade has led to large purchases abroad. The money in payment goes into the balances in European financial institutions to the credit of American bankers, and the consequent increase in the volume of foreign exchange offering in New York reduces the rate asked. The bank clearings reflect the increased activity in trade, and the financial world, as a consequence of these things, is confident.

Money on call loaned in New York last week at 1@1 1-2 per cent., and was in liberal supply. The demand for time loans was not great, and there was plenty of funds offering. Rates 2 per cent. for 30 days, 2 1-2 for 60 to 90 days, 3 for four months, 3@3 1-2 for five or six months.

Stocks continued strong during last week, with occasional reactions. The railway earnings for April show large gains, consequent upon the improved trade conditions. Sugar, Distillers, Gas and Leather were the most active among the industrial stocks, and there was considerable movement in cheap, low grade railway stocks. Those of the "granger roads" were slow, but evidenced increasing strength.

Silver has been quiet, because of the uncertainty about the Japan-Chinese treaty. The closing prices in New York on Saturday were 66 3-4@67 1-4 cents per ounce for commercial bars, and 67@68 cents for government assay bars.

The tornado season has opened in earnest. As the reports from the area swept in Iowa come in the death roll steadily mounts up and it now reaches a ghastly total of about two hundred.

Grover will keep right on refusing invitations to Chicago, especially after the action of Saturday's convention.

THE GREAT SILVER CAMPAIGN.

Every one knows that the currency question—or, if you prefer it, the silver question—is the next one to be decided by the American people.

The Presidential campaign of next year will probably turn this issue, as the last one did upon the tariff.

The thing of vital importance is that the decision shall be the correct one. Theories are all very nice, but often they do not hold good when submitted to an actual test.

The Democratic free trade theories furnish a case in point. The people see that the theory was wrong and have suffered severely in consequence.

The currency question must be settled aright, or the consequences will be the same.

To settle it aright, the voters must understand the facts and arguments on both sides clearly. Then their own common sense will enable them to decide which is right.

The Blade proposes this summer to present the facts and arguments of both sides—that of the silver men and that of their opponents.

Every Blade reader will recall that, through the long tariff agitation, this paper did its best to render the matter clear to voters. And, they remember, too, that the very things we declared would happen if the country abandoned the protective principle, actually did happen.

We propose pursuing the same course with the currency question. The Blade has no end to serve, but the welfare and prosperity of the whole people. It desires to take the side which will best conserve these things. And there is no better way than to let its columns be a forum in which the leaders of both sides shall state their respective arguments.

We are now arranging for a series of plain, clear papers, prepared by the LEADERS OF BOTH SIDES, which will set forth both sides as forcibly and plainly as possible. We shall have papers by statesmen known all over the United States, men of national reputation.

We shall also discuss these papers editorially as they appear, and state what we believe to be the correct view.

Nothing like this series will appear in any other newspaper. It will be the most valuable discussion of the question which has yet appeared.

We shall soon make a full announcement of the papers, and give the names of the writers.

THE SILVER AGITATION.

The free silver leaders have taken on a sudden spurt of activity all over the West. This is in consequence of Cleveland's currency letter to the Chicago committee. The intention clearly is to commit the Democratic party to the coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 by the United States alone, without waiting for action by any other nation. A Democratic convention is called in Illinois to define the party's attitude on the question; and the attentive reader of the telegraphic news has doubtless noted that county Democratic conventions, caucuses of the Democratic members of state legislatures, and in some cases the legislatures themselves have passed resolutions favoring free silver coinage on that basis.

All these things are the various steps in the carrying out of the scheme to control the national Democratic convention next year. As matters stand now, it looks as though the plan will be successful, and that the convention may be expected to formulate a free silver platform, and nominate thereon a free silver candidate from the West. If this is done, nothing is more certain than that the Democratic party will split, and the "sound money" half of it nominate a man of their views for the Presidency.

However, many things may happen within the next twelve-month. The fierceness of the silver propaganda at this time will result in the agitation wearing itself out before the Presidential election of 1896. The money question will be discussed as never before, and tens of thousands of thinking voters will be enabled to see that the present attitude of the silver leaders is an extreme one, fraught with the gravest danger to the country's prosperity, and will be more inclined to take a safe middle course. And we have faith that they will find, in the position which the Republican national convention will take on this question, one which will command their support at the polls. The Democratic party pursued the free trade theory until it was enabled to put it into practice, and the country has had enough of moonshine theory. The voters will not be inclined to trust its rainbow silver theories after the lesson they have learned.

RAISE MORE POTATOES!

What's the matter with the American farmers that they do not raise enough potatoes to supply the demand in the United States? It may be news to many that they do not, but the statistician of the agricultural department, in his monthly report for April, shows this to be the case. We import something like six million bushels a year, from Great Britain and Canada, as well as smaller amounts from Holland, Belgium and Germany.

Of course we export potatoes also, but the imports exceed the exports of this toothsome tuber. Within the past ten years we have imported 24,000,000 bushels more than we exported; for which we paid over $9,000,000. This very tidy sum should have gone into the pockets of our own farmers. Now that there is such a narrow margin of profit in wheat raising, why do not some of our wheat farmers turn part of their acreage into potato fields? There is more money in the crop than in wheat. Perhaps, however, the fact that potatoes require more attention than wheat, especially in the matter of keeping the Colorado beetles from destroying the plants, may explain the disinclination of our farmers to raise potatoes.

There is no longer a doubt that Hon. John Wanamaker is a candidate to succeed Don Cameron in the United States Senate. There is a strong feeling against Cameron in Pennsylvania on account of his silver views and the two men will conduct their campaigns mainly on that issue.

It will be well for Ohio Democrats to consult Mr. Brice and find out his pleasure in regard to holding a state convention. Mr. Brice should be privileged to do as he pleases with his property.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Robbie—Tommy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a bicycle.

Mickey—Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tires.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I tell you Hawkins, money talks" said Wilkes.

"Yes; generally in a valedictory strain. Sort of 'good-bye, old man; I must be off' spirit," replied Hawkins.—Harper's Bazar.

Kicksey—Do you want to make a confirmed liar out of me?

Mrs. Kicksey—No, dear.

Kicksey—Then stop asking me how you look.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The young person shuddered.

"Nothing but bronze dust?" she gasped. "Surely——"

She recoiled in horror from the suggestion.

"—they must use some other material for sleeves."—Detroit Tribune.

"I'm going to have a library," said Jimmieboy, after his father had given him a half dozen books.

"I ain't ever et any liberrys," said Frankie. "Me'd rather have a strawberry."—Harper's Young People.

Rebecca Ikensetin—Vat will you say, meln fater? Oh, vorgeeve your daughter! I loaf—loaf a Ghristian!

Isaac Ikenstein—Goot, goot, mein schild. Marry him qvick! I vill a partner make him, undt ve vill keeb dot shtore oben efry day in der week.—Puck.

Wickwire—What a beautiful whine you use in asking for a dime. You really ought to have that voice cultivated.

Dingwan—Well, I don't know but I might be willin' to hev it cultivated—say under the irrigation system.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you smoke cigarettes?" asked the physician who was examining a candidate for life insurance.

"Never."

"Do you drink to excess?"

"Never. I have only one habit which tends to shorten life."

"What is that?"

"I ride on trolley cars."—Washington Star.

Colonel Gunnison—Has China a regulah army?

Major Morters—Yes, suh; keeps the same speed all day.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Julia—Do you consider Mr. Nippy a mean man?

Nellie—Mean? Not only mean, but cowardly. Why, he never will take a seat in a street car for fear he will have to give it up to some woman."—Boston Transcript.

They repaired to the falls of the Sioux,
There was nothing else for them to dioux
But what they had done,
For they wished, who were one,
To be with all expedition made tioux.
—Detroit Tribune.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
When she found out that she'd only nothing to wear,
Said: "They may think that I'm left, but I ain't."
And sent out her small brother for a can of bronze paint.
—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Manayunk philosopher rises to ask why the marriage of a rich man's son to a poor girl is called a mesalliance, when the marriage of a rich man's daughter to a poor count is looked upon as a social triumph.—Philadelphia Record.

Missionary—Here you have been eating human flesh again. Have you forgotten my precepts?

Cannibal—Oh, no. I didn't tuck my napkin under my chin.—Spare Moments.

Grace—What does Cholly seem so happy about?

Nell—I guess it's because this is the time of the year when it is too late for oysters and too early for ice cream.—Syracuse Post.

"Who's your friend?" he asked, as his companion paused and lifted his hat to a lady who drove by.

"That isn't a friend," said the other man, absentmindedly. "That's my wife."—Syracuse Post.

"My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "So I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks after my little boy had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were, 'Has Ernest got over his financial difficulty yet?'"—Tit Bits.

Mrs. Gray—Have you named the baby yet?

Mrs. White—No, we haven't settled on a name yet, but one thing is certain, I will never consent to any of the names that Mr. White called it the other night when it cried so for two hours.—Boston Transcript.

"What do you think!" said one Chicago woman to another in an awe-struck whisper. "Miss Dearborn has married one of her father's clerks."

"Only one?" replied the other, interrogatively.—Judge.

Miss McFlirter—I have refused seven offers of marriage since last season.

Miss La Verse—Quite a sleight-of-hand performer, aren't you?—New York Ledger.

Artist (as a hint to his friend)—Bless me! Five o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How quickly time does fly now.

Yankee—Which I calc'late it's all owin' to the vast improvements effected in clocks by our great country.—London Tid-Bits.

Aunt Maria—I really think she would make you a good wife, John. I admit she is something of a scold, but then she is such a good housekeeper—so neat, you know.

John—But then, one would soon tire of neat tongue.—Utica Observer.

Boper—"I hear you got drunk at Billson's funeral, last week."

Toper—"Well, what of it? Billson would have done the same thing at mine."

Sounder—"Why do you drink so much whisky?"

Rounder—"A fellow must sow his wild oats, you know."

Sounder—"Yes, but you're doing nothing but planting rye."—New York World.

Mr. Baldwin (apprehensively)—Great Scott! Another white hair! If this keeps on I'll be as gray as a badger!

Clubby—Why do you dine at noon? It's so provincial and American.

Bracer—On the contrary, it's English. I sit down at the precise moment with the Prince of Wales, considering the six hours difference in time.

Customer (in Chinese laundry)—John, ain't you afraid you'll burn your hands with the acid you put in your washtubs?

Chinaman—No; me stull him with a stillek.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Bridget, have you cracked nuts for the dessert I want to make?"

"Yis ma'am; all but thim big walnuts, an' it'll take stronger jaws than mine to manage them; but I got throo wid de others allro ight, ma'am."—Harper's Bazar.

FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

Socialists in Paris are urged to use no soap save that made by a Socialist co-operative association.

After the Bowery, the Seven Dials, Iconoclasts in London want to have the name changed to St. Andrew's Circus, on account of the unpleasant associations connected with the place.

A Trappist monk, a member of a noble Piedmontese family, has run away from the convent of the Tre Fontane, at Rome, taking a large sum of money belonging to the community with him.

Though the Chitral expedition has demolished our old friend the Akoond of Swat, it has introduced us to one more melodious, the Mulah of Manki. He lives in retirement, and advises every one not to fight.

Field Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, who was commander-in-chief in India when Roberts marched to Kandahar, has been appointed governor of Chelsea hospital, in the place of the late Sir Patrick Grant. General Lord Roberts will probably have the vacant field marshalship.

Jane Hading has made a hit in the revival of Alexandre Dumas' La Princesse de Bagdad. She takes the part of Lionette, created in 1881 by Croizette. The play when it was brought out caused an uproar on account of some realistic scenes and had to be withdrawn, but the stage has progressed since then and critics now praise its moral purpose.

Mazeppa's palace at Vaturino in the government of Kieff, once the official residence of the Hetman of the Ukraine Cosacks, and famous throughout Russia for its beauty and its picturesque park, has fallen into decay. The estate is now cut down to thirty acres, and the neglect of the Jew into whose hands it came some years ago, has made a ruin of the palace and a wilderness of the gardens.

A HALF-DOZEN FOLK.

Thomas A. Edison, the electrician, is one of the few poker players who invariably win. His opponents accuse him of possessing a mysterious power to see through cards.

Sardou's success as a playwright has made him a millionaire. Nevertheless, he labors eight hours a day with his pen unceasingly, and when not laboring gives himself up to the heartiest enjoyments.

The Empress of Germany was so anxious that nothing should be left undone to give Prince Bismarck pleasure on his birthday that she had all her children write letters of congratulation to him, herself guiding the hands of the younger ones.

Gov. William C. Oates, of Alabama, is one of the few distinguished men of this country who has always fought for what he got. He is widely known as a fighter, shams diplomacy and possesses a dogged tenacity that commands the admiration of all who know him.

The first woman publisher in this country was Charlotte Fowler Wells. She went into business in 1841, and still continues her calling. She says she is fond of her work, and so occupied that she has no time to realize she is growing old.

Minister Mendonca, of Brazil, who, it is reported, will be recalled from his legation in Washington to occupy a seat on the Supreme bench of his country, is one of the most courteous men in the diplomatic service at the capital. He was formerly a journalist in Rio Janeiro, though for twenty-one years he has served Brazil in the United States.

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL.

One sailor in 256 is lost at sea.

Foot ball was a crime in England in Henry VIII.'s reign.

Dickens's youngest son is a member of Parliament in New South Wales.

Mechanics head the list of inventors, clergymen next.

Russian lover send a daily present to their fiancees.

With a stroke of humor unusual to him, Zola says he has arranged with the astrologers to die in 1896, when he will be 96 years old.

The Japanese trace descent only from the father. Thus when an aristocrat marries a plebeian wife, their children and his equals and quite his superior, are apt to look down upon her.

M. Felix Faure is to visit Algeria after Parliament adjourns. He will be the only French ruler, save Napoleon III., who has ever set foot in the Province.

William Morris, the poet, rejoices in the possession of a prodigious memory. Given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens's works, he will complete that sentence with very little deviation from textural accuracy.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of to-day can wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.

Queen Victoria is the only lady sovereign in Europe who never patronized the famous Parasian costumer whose death has recently been announced.

A WORD OR TWO.

Last year the sheep in this country grew 307,100,000 pounds of wool.

If all the cabs in London were placed in a line there would be a total length of 44 miles.

More than one hundred callings, professions and occupations are open to women of the present day.

In France the average of offspring to each family is 2.93, the smallest average of any country in Europe.

The share of land falling to each inhabitant of the globe in the event of a partitions would be about 2½ acres.

A new fuel made in France is of coal dust compressed into bricks and soaked with chemicals, which make it last a long time in a glow when once alight.

The wax palm tree of South America, which grows to an altitude of 10,000 feet above sea level, is completely covered with a coating which consists of a vegetable wax and crystalline resin. When mixed with tallow this substance is made into candles.

CURRENT EVENTS.

London has a cooking school for sailors.

The daily average number of marriages throughout the world is 3,000.

The latest Viennese cane contains an electric light and storage battery.

The first Bible printed in America was published at Germantown, Pa.

Every puff of cigar smoke, scientists say, adds 4,000,000,000 particles of dust to the air.

The greatest forest in the world is in Siberia. It is 1,000 miles long and 1,700 miles wide.

Among the latest germ theories is the one which avers that cedar block pavements spread diphtheria.

A heavy rain storm has passed over Lincoln county, Wisconsin. Enough rain has fallen to insure log driving.

Major N. A. Adams, one of the most prominent pioneers of Kansas, died at Manhattan.

Baltimore has been selected as the seat of the general conference of the Methodist Church South for its session in 1898.

A curious fact has been noted by Arctic travelers—snow when at a very low temperature absorbs moisture and dries garments.

Samuel A. King, the aeronaut, says a man could get to the North Pole by balloon, but that getting back would be another thing.

Nearly all of the Jewish weeklies in the United States are opposed to the silver heresy, and favor the gold basis for business purposes.

There was an alleged shortage of $5,000 in the office of the treasurer of Dopi in county, Kas., but no arrests have been made.

Woodruff Parmelee, of Traverse City, has been arrested for the murder of Julia Curtis, whose dead body was found in the woods Tuesday.

The First National bank of Doland, S. D., has been moved to Redfield, S. D., and its name changed to the Merchants National bank of Redfield.

Mrs. M. T. Mack, charged with being a member of the postage stamp counterfeiting gang, has been committed for extradition at Hamilton, Ont.

The Federal officers at San Francisco have received word from Attorney General Olney to drop all legal proceedings against the Oakland strikers.

Capt. Frank Anderson, employed to examine the accounts of the Mississippi levee board, has made a report showing irregularities to the amount of $20,000 up to 1884.

The second annual meeting of the Social Science Federation of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas is in session at Leavenworth, Kas. The federation has 24 clubs with 728 members.

A fierce fire is raging in the woods on the bluffs south of Baraboo, Wis., and considerable property has been destroyed.

The steamer Farnwell, Captain Hicks, has arrived at Baltimore from Santiago de Cuba. No one was allowed to go ashore from the vessel at Santiago.

The report of the New York City General Electric company for the year shows gross earnings, $12,283,611; operating expenses, $11,451,864; net profits, $1,811,747.

At Peoria, Ill., yesterday the Fort Clark Electric railway was sold at court sale and was bought by John S. Stevens, representing the bondholders, for $275,000.

The sixth annual national congress of the Sons of the American Revolution, opened in the old South church, Boston, on May 1.

William H. Mesquire, assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Omaha, committed suicide May 1 by shooting himself through the head.

John Huff, who is said to have fallen heir to $1,500,000 by the death of Charles Easthoff, a wealthy Californian in 1893, has died at Matawan, N. J.

Ex-County Clerk D. W. Souder, who disappeared from Fort Wayne, Ind., four months ago, was found in Detroit on May 1. Souder left home while suffering from mental derangement and had gone to South Africa.

M. Proust, president of the Omnibus Employes Union and M. Deville, secretary of the same organization were each sentenced at Paris to six months' imprisonment for inciting the men to violance during the recent strike.

The Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery is dead. He was born in 1850 and was under secretary of war from 1871 to 1875. In politics he was a Conservative.

A contract has been signed to organize an Afro-German company to acquire a million acres of land in Southwest Africa with a frontage of 200 miles to the Orange river.

Advices from San Juan Beautista, Mexico, say that members of a band of Guatamalan outlaws who have been committing many murders and robberies in that section during the last few months, have been captured and shot.

Tai Yin Cheo, a student of the University of Michigan, protests against the use of the word Chinamen, instead of Chinese. He says: "It somehow involves a sort of contemptuous idea, which has been felt by many of our literary men."

Victorien Sardou, when staging his plays, has an eagle's eye for details. At a recent dress rehearsal in Paris he compelled an actor to leave the stage and delayed the action of the play until a frayed button on his coat was replaced by a new one.

Arthur Well

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	80
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 00
½ dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy us much as they like.

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OLD FAVORITES.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

"There have been several versions of the origin of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,'" says George M. Young, in the January New England Magazine. "The most widely circulated and popularly believed is as follows: When Woodworth was a journeyman printer in an office on the corner of Chatham and Chambers streets in New York, near by on Franklin street was a saloon, kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was unusually excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it. After taking a draught he sat his glass on the table and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's eau de vie was superior to anything he had ever tasted. 'No,' said Mallory, 'you are mistaken; there was one thing which in both our estimations surpassed this in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth, dubiously. 'The draught of pure spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the field, on a hot day in summer.' A tearful drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. 'True, true!' he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, took a pen, and in half an hour 'The Old Oaken Bucket' was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations."

"How dear to this heart are scenes of
my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them
to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep
tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill
which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the
cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house
nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung
in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung
in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a
treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned
from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature
can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that
were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom
it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth
overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose
from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from
the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim
to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to
my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt
me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that
Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed, from thy loved
situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively
swell,
As thought reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs
in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs
in the well."

—Samuel Woodworth (born January 13, 1785).

THE GYPSY'S WARNING.

Trust him not, O, gentle lady
Though his voice be low and sweet;
Heed him not when he kneels before thee,
Softly pleading at thy feet.
Now thy life is in its morning,
Cloud not this, thy happy lot;
Listen to the gypsy's warning,
Gentle lady, trust him not.

Lady, once there lived a maiden,
Young and pure, and, like thee, fair;
Let he wooed—he wooed and won her,
Filled her heart with tender care;
Then he heeded not her weeping,
He cared not for her life to save;
Soon she perished; now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Lady, look not on me coldly,
I have only told the truth;
From a stern and withering sorrow,
Lady, I would shield thy youth.
I would shield thee from all danger,
Shield thee from the tempter's snare;
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned thee, now beware.

Take your gold, I do not want it;
Lady, I have prayed for this—
For the hour that I might foil him,
And rob him of expected bliss.
Aye, I see thou'rt filled with wonder
At my looks, so fierce and wild;
Lady, in the churchyard yonder
Sleeps the gypsy's only child.

REPLY TO GYPSY'S WARNING.

Lady, heed thee not her warning;
Trust me, thou shalt fine me true;
Constant as the light of morning
I will ever be to you.
Lady, I will not deceive thee,
Fill thy guileless heart with woe;
Trust me, lady, and believe me,
Sorrow thou shalt never know.

Lady, every joy would perish,
Pleasures all would wither fast,
If no heart could love and cherish
In this world of storm and blast.
E'en the stars that gleam above thee,
Shine the brightest in the night;
So will he who fondly loves thee,
In the darkness be thy light.

Down beside the flowing river,
Where the dark green willows weep,
Where its leafy branches quiver,
There a gentle maiden sleeps.
In the morn a lonely stranger
Comes and lingers many hours;
Lady, he's no heartless stranger,
For he strews her grave with flowers.

Lady, heed thee not her warning,
Lay thy soft white hand in mine,
For I seek no fairer laurel
Than the constant love of thine.
When the silver moon is bright above,
Thou shalt slumber on my breast;
Tender words thy soul shall lighten,
Lull thy spirit into rest.

Baptized in Jordan Water.

It is not generally known that the princes of the House of Hohenzollern are always baptized in water taken from the River Jordan. This custom was observed at the baptism of the youngest-born son of the emperor. An interesting anecdote of the Hohenzollern family, which has always been renowned for its foresight is that in view of the frequent births in the imperial family, and in order never to run short of the water of the sacred river, a whole barrelful is always kept in reserve in the cellars of the royal castle.

Religious Chess.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me.

Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday.

Effie—Well, we can let the bishop win.—Pall Mall Budget.

OIL FIELDS OF RUSSIA.

AN ENGLISH ENGINEER VISITS THE FAMOUS WELLS NEAR BAKU.

Gives a Detailed Account of the Drilling of the Wells, Output, Etc. —A Graphic Description.

On Tuesday, February 5, we took the 10 to 12 train at Baku, and in a little over half an hour brought up at Bally-Ranee, says James Parkison, in the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle. Just before arriving at Bally-Ranee we got our first glimpse of the town, and saw hundreds of square wooden towers. These are the derricks over the oil wells. A derrick is something less than a hundred feet high, about twenty feet square at base, and five feet square at top. Those near to us stood out bold and clear; but those in the distance, say one and half miles away, got lost in the smoke. The odor is dreadful. A smoky paraffin lamp gives you some little idea of it.

Nothing is used for fuel here but "neft," the crude oil as it comes from the earth. The fireman of a boiler has no duff to wheel, no fires to clean, no ashes to clear away. The blacksmith has no fire to clean, and no dirt gets on his iron and spoils his weld.

On leaving the train, we took a phaeton and almost got my head shook down to my boots. Road there

AN OIL FOUNTAIN.

is none; pines there are many—three and four inch pipes running all ways, laid on the surface, and all leading to the central pumping station.

Then on all sides there are big holes dug, say, ten feet deep, some ten feet square, others measuring ten by thirty. These holes collect "neft," by thirty. These holes collect "neft," The men who own these holes own the land, perhaps ten square yards, and have not room for engine and gear for sinking a well, and perhaps no money even if they had the requisite ground; so they dig a trench and drain oil from their neighbors. It comes near stealing; but there is no stealing in this country; "the good old rule, the simple plan," etc., has a good hold here.

We went to the establishment of Mr. Dubore, with a very warm invitation from his manager, a Mr. Baird, who came here some eight years ago from America. With Mr. Baird's assistance we soon knew a great deal about getting oil. "First catch your hare;" first get your plot of ground, then make a cellar, say, ten feet deep and ten square (this cellar is lined with planks properly secured); then build the wooden derrick and a shed round it, extending sufficiently one way to give room for a small pair of engines of 12-horse power. The engine belt works on a drum on the shaft of this drum is a fly-wheel, with a two inch crank pin a foot from the center; this fly-wheel makes about 40 revolutions per minute. About ten feet away from this fly-wheel there is a wooden pillar, pyramid shaped, with a pair of brasses on the top. A wooden beam is up here, with its centers working in the brasses. One end of the beam has a wooden connecting rod coupled to the before-mentioned crank pin on the fly-wheel. The other end of the beam is over the bore hole, suspended from this end of the beam is a screw six feet long; attached to this screw is a grip for holding a stout rope about two and a half inches in diameter (not a two and a half rope); the boring tools are attached to this rope; it rises and falls 40 to the minute.

Now to begin the hole. Round tubes are made of quarter plate, single riveted, with a butt strap at one end. The surface of the ground is sand, and these tubes are easily driven down in the cellar, another is fastened on to it, and the riveters work in this cellar, a plank floor being over their heads. On this floor the men work the boring rope and attend the rammer when driving tubing. In course of time, this first tube of 20 inches diameter refuses to go deeper, friction on the sides stopping further descent. A tube of 18 inches will then be used until it will go no more; then will follow 16, 14 and 12; and when the 12-inch tube is getting down to 1,000 feet from the surface, it is probable that it has reached the oil.

Sometimes the chisel knocks the bottom clean out of the hole, and then rope and chisel come flying out of the hole, mounting yards above the derrick, followed by a roaring volume of neft. If a hole has not a good opening into the oil bed, the neft will rise eighty yards above the surface; and if there is any wind, the man who bored the hole does not get much of the oil; the men who own holes ten feet deep all round him get most of it. So he must stop it from mounting high. This is done by sifting plates secured to strong beams directly over the hole and about forty feet above it. These plates break the upward direction of the neft, and makes it fall in a cascade all round about the derrick.

I hardly dare to tell you about these plates. Thousands of your readers have no mechanical experience, but I can assure them this is no traveler's tale. A few years ago these plates were about three feet square and four inches thick, made of cast iron; and the sand and stones that come up with the neft cut a hole clean through the plates in ten or eleven hours. The well that we went to see began to spout on February 1, and on February 5 we saw them sifting in the third plate, and these plates are seven inches thick!

The oil is running in strong force from the derrick into a reservoir, where it is allowed to settle and deposit the sand that comes up with it; it is then run off into another reservoir and then pumped into the central pumping station, which pumps it on to Baku, where the refineries are.

When a well is newly won and spouting, it is called a "fountain," and may spout for one month or two; but the iron tubes get cut away by the ascending sand, the sides fall in, and spouting ceases. The oil may rise to the surface and overflow a little; but often it will not. Then it must be drawn. A small pair of engines and a winding drum are set to work, with a bucket forty feet long, and perhaps ten or twelve inches in diameter. This is lowered down the bore hole until it comes to the obstruction which stops the hole. It is allowed to rest a few seconds, giving it time to fill through a clack valve at the bottom of the bucket; then it is hauled up, and when above the hole a wooden platform is slid over the hole to prevent the oil from going back again, the clack valve is pushed up, the oil flows out, the platform is removed, the bucket is again lowered, and thus they go on day and night, Sunday and Monday, the year round.

Bally-Ranee is called the California of Russia, and with good reason. I am told that no gold field or diamond field in the world ever gave such results per square yuard of surface. The fountain shown in picture now gives 450,000 poods per day. Sixty-two poods go to the ton, and 450,000 poods per day are worth about £240. The bore hole cost £4,000, and was a little over a year in sinking.

To give a description of the scene at the derrick of this fountain, which is the biggest ever tapped, is beyond my powers. You are bewildered by the roar and overpowered by the gas if you go to leeward, as well as smothered by the spray. The men who were engaged securing the plate were saturated with oil, and part of their outfit consisted of a tin hat with a huge flap or brim, each man having a rope round his body, so that if he succumbs to the gas his comrades can haul him out.

FATHER HAS COME HOME.

Answer to "Come Home, Father."

Yes, Mary, my Mary, your father's come
home;
You waited through all the long night;
He was deaf to your pleadings, for reason was drowned,
But it all came back with the light.
It seems like a dream, oh! a terrible
dream,
But, alas! now I know it was true;
Poor Benny is dead, but your father's
come home,
Dear Mary, to mother and you.

Oh! no more through the dark, weary
hours,
Little Mary in sadness shall roam;
Ah! how glad to her ears are the words
which she hears:
"Dear Mary, your father's come
home."

Please, Mary, tell mother that father's
come home,
And kneels by her little boy's bed;
And he prays for God's help that her
husband may fill
The place of the boy that is dead.
And say, though he left her forsaken to
weep,
All alone to bear sorrow and pain,
He'll never more cause her a pang or a
tear,
If once she will trust him again.

Oh! no more shall the wife watch and
weep,
All in vain for the loved one to come;
And gone are the fears, as the message she hears:
"Tell mother that father's come home."

Yes, Mary, tell mother that father has
left
The drink that has made him so bad;
You can say he has taken the Temperance Pledge,
I know it will make her heart glad.
And tell her he waits to clasp mother
and child,
And vow on his knees to be true,
For father's come home to his reason at
length,
Dear Mary, to mother and you.

Oh! no more to the mother and child,
Shall the night black and desolate
come,
For fire shall be bright, and their
hearts shall be light,
While saying: "Dear father's come
home."

THE WORLD'S WHEAT SUPPLY.

Why Prices Are Low—Excuses by Free Traders.

American Economist:—Free traders and others are already at work trying to invent excuses for the cheap price of wheat, attributing it to any cause but the right one, which is increased production in the world's supply, as can be seen from the following figures of the crops for 1891 and 1894:

	1891. Bushels.	1894. Bushels.
Europe	1,208,590,000	1,538,216,000
Asia	342,611,000	341,959,000
Africa	47,051,000	47,098,000
Australasia	33,875,000	43,350,000
North America	688,814,000	515,488,000
South America	48,805,000	104,000,000
Totals	2,369,746,000	2,590,121,000

The wheat harvest of 1894 was 220,000,000 bushels larger than in 1891, the increase in Europe being 330,000,000 bushels, in Australia 10,000,000 bushels, and in South in South America 55,000,000 bushels. In Africa and Asia there was practically no change in the supply, but in North America there was a decrease of nearly 20,000,000 bushels in Canada, and over 150,000,000 bushels in the United States. Notwithstanding the fact that the North American continent produced 173,000,000 bushels less wheat in 1894 than in 1891, the export price of wheat fell from 93 cents a bushel in 1891 to 63 1-3 cents in June of 1894.

Our per capita consumption of wheat in 1891 was 5.91 bushels; for 1892 it increased to 5.91 bushels per head of our population but in 1893 it fell again to 4.85 bushels per capita. This meant a smaller home market for our own wheat by 70,000,000 bushels in 1893 than we had in 1892.

When the countries outside of North America increase their wheat supplies by nearly 300,000,000 bushels in two seasons, it is very evident that the United States crop is becoming less of a factor in the regulation of price; also that we shall not only feel the effect of an increased foreign growth in a depreciation of values, but that we may also look for considerable importations of foreign wheat, unless it can be excluded from our American markets by a tariff that will afford ample protection to the American farmer.

If our consumption of wheat should still further decrease by the closing of any woolen factories, for instance, and the idleness of the hands, the farmers will still more feel the effects of free trade upon the price of wheat.

—Have you ever noticed how your system seems to crave special assistance in the spring? Just the help required is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE.

Iron has for ages been a favorite medicine. Nearly 100 different preparations of iron are now known to the medical chemists.

According to the Electrical Review, copper wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines so that they "will hold the weight of the birds and monkeys which crowd them at night."

The best tea in Japan is raised in districts where snow often falls to the eaves of the houses. Many plants will survive under snow that are not hardy even in the Southern states. By the same rule, some varieties of Japanese lilies will survive Vermont winters that are not hardy in Missouri.

A scientific publication recommends a solution of sugar of lead and alum in an improved process for making cotton goods water-proof, but, according to authorities of physiological chemistry, such goods should never be worn next the skin, as the salts of lead are absorbed with ease, and are nearly all very poisonous.

The best cleaning compound for nickel ware is 50 parts of alcohol and one of sulphuric acid. The article to be cleansed is held in the solution five to fifteen seconds, after which it is washed with water, rinsed with alcohol and wiped dry with a clean rag. The dirtiest of nickel goods is said to come out with a bright, new look.

A new plan for diagnosing disease is reported by the News, of Fall River, Mass. The patient is placed in a vapor cabinet, and after perspiration becomes profuse the exudations are removed and carefully examined by an expert practitioner, who is said to be able, with unfailing precision, to determine the nature of the patient's disorder by the bacilli which are being thrown off.

Evolution in Preaching.

It may be said without denial, that the trend of modern preaching is towards broader and more popular discussion. The leading pulpiteers are those who carry religion into every current question. And it is the style of preaching in demand. There is no better illustration of this statement than can be seen in the subjects for Lenten preaching the world over. In Paris, for instance, there has been a marked change of late years, the public demanding a treatment of social issues. At the Madeleine, one of the ichest parishes in Paris, the recent Lenten series included discourses on the duties of the rich, the law of justice, the brotherhood of man. Two other aristocratic parishes heard sermons, the one on "Work and Wages," the other on "Hypnotism and Miracles."

A Bonanza.

Clara—Was your fair a success?

Dora—Yes, indeed. The minister will have cause to be grateful.

"How much was made?"

"Nothing. The receipts were less than the expenses, but sixteen of us got engaged, and the minister is to perform the ceremonies."—New York Weekly.

They Fought Caesar.

Belgium took its name from the Belgae, a warlike tribe which inhabited it before the time of Christ.—Cincinnati Tribune.

NEW WOMAN ON A TOUR.

Circling the Globe, She Meets With Many Adventures.

This is how it began:

About nine months ago two wealthy Boston club men were discussing the "new woman." One of them said there was one thing that was still beyond her and that was to ride around the world on bicycle. The other differed with him, and the result was a wager of $20,000 to $10,000 that no living woman could accomplish the feat.

The man making the bet had certain conditions to impose. The trip must be made in fifteen months. The person making it must stop and report at certain places, and must make $5,000 during the journey. A great deal of the trip, it was conceded, should be made by steamer.

The new woman chosen for the experiment was a young woman who contributes more or less to the Boston papers under the name of Annie Lon-

MISS ANNIE LONDONDERRY AND HER WHEEL.

donerry, and under that name she has already completed three-fourths of her journey, having landed at San Francisco about two weeks ago, nearly three months ahead of time.

This is the more remarkable, as when the subject was first broached Miss Londonderry had never been on a wheel in her life. She practiced, however, for one afternoon, and on June 25, 1894, started out from Boston for Chicago. At many places along the road she distributed handbills and carried advertisements pinned to her clothing. In Chicago she made enough money in this way to pay her passage across the Atlantic to Havre.

In the same way all through her journey she kept adding to her store. Between Havre and Marseilles she was held up by highwaymen, but as she had only three francs with her they allowed her to keep it. After this the gallant French wheelmen never allowed her to travel without an escort. Her adventures in China, Japan and Korea which she reached just in the height of the trouble, were thrilling, but she came through them all in safety, and is now on her home stretch. Miss Londonderry is journeying eastward through the Southwestern states. After crossing the Mississippi she may come further north. She is taking her time, as she has yet $3,500 to earn before she reaches Boston, but the most expensive part of her trip is over.

If she succeeds she is to receive the purse that prompted the journey, and another victory will be scored for the new woman.

DINK AND HOKE.

If to the South our eyes are bent
In '96 for President,
They'll meet again two men, we think,
And one is Hoke, the other Dink!

Now, Hoke, we fear, will never do,
Three hundred pounds is much too too;
No candidate may now tempt fate
Who's handicapped by too much weight.

But Botts of Dahlonega fame!
There's votes and magic in the name;
If we must look to Dixie, what's
The matter with Dink Botts?

—New York Evening Sun.

WERREIN LIES "COIN'S" STRENGTH.

Lyman J. Gage Tells a Story Illustrating the Vexed Point.

Lyman J. Gage tells the Chicago Times-Herald a good story and one which explains the secret of the popularity of "Coin's Financial School" among the masses, who, up to the present time, had given little thought to the abstruse monetary problem.

"A few days ago while riding in a New York railway car, up in the interior of the state," said Mr. Gage, "I heard my name pronounced by some one back of me. I turned around to see who was the speaker. One man was leaning over the back of his seat reading aloud from 'Coin' for the entertainment of another man. He was just concluding that portion of the book in which I am made to appear.

"'There,' cried the man in a tone of conviction, 'Lyman J. Gage gives it up. That settles it with me. Gage and Walsh and Medill ought to know all there is about the money question. If they can't answer "Coin," why, then, "Coin" must be right. I am a silver man from this on.'

"I could not catch the reply of his companion, but I assume he made no effort to controvert the arguments of the other. Pretty soon after that, the man who had been reading passed my way. He was a respectable and fairly intelligent looking man—a well-to-do farmer, I should judge.

"'My friend,' said I, 'I overheard you reading from "Coin" just now.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'the book has converted me. I am for free silver.'

"'Why? Have you studied the subject carefully?'

"'No. I am free to say that I don't know anything about the question. But at "Coin's" school in Chicago all the big bankers and editors failed to answer "Coin," which was a virtual confession that he was correct. If Lyman J. Gage, John R. Walsh and Joseph Medill admit that "Coin" is correct, why, I am forced to do the same.'

"'Do you believe that such a school as "Coin" describes was really held in Chicago, and that the men alleged to be in attendance were really there?'

"'You may judge of my surprise,' continued Mr. Gage, 'when my new friend replied: "Yes, I know it was held, and that the men named took part. I wanted to be sure that the book wasn't a lie, and so I wrote to a friend in Chicago for information, and he assured me that every word in "Coin" was true."

"'Well, my friend,' I replied, 'I live in Chicago, and give you my word that no such school was held. It is simply a falsehood. I should know, inasmuch as the book describes scenes in which I am made to appear.'

"'What is your name?' demanded the New York man.

"'Lyman J. Gage,' I replied.

"'Lyman J.—the devil.'

"'No—Gage.'

"'And to assure me on your word of honor that no such school as "Coin" pictures was held?' he demanded.

"'I most certainly do.'

"The train stopped at Waterloo, where the man was to get off. He stood gazing at me in astonishment until the train started, and then solemnly and slowly said: 'Well, I'll be blowed.' Then he rushed from the train.

"The money question is an abstruse one,"—concluded Mr. Gage, "and few people have studied into it sufficiently to form an independent opinion. It is just this situation that 'Coin' takes advantage of, and therein lies the danger of the book."

Then the Fight Began.

An old woman living some distance from Manchester, Ky., was summoned as a witness to tell what she knew about a fight at her house several nights before, which three or four people were killed. She mounted the stand with evident reluctance and many misgivings, and when questioned by the court as to what she knew about the matter said, "Well, jedge, the fust I knowed about it was when Bill Sanders called Tom Smith a liar en' Tom knocked him down with a stick of wood. One of Bill's friends then hit Tom with a knife, sticin' a big piece out of him. Sam Jones, who was a friend of Tom's, then shot the other fellow, en' two more shot him, en' three or four others got cut right smart by somebody. That naturally caused some excitement, jedge, en' then they commenced fittin'."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DOOLEY ON COINAGE

THE PHILOSOPHER LISTENS TO A VERY LEARNED ARGUMENT.

A Bimetallic Conference That Ended in the Use of the Seltzer Bottle on the Conferees.

Chicago Post.

"There's wan thing I'll tell ye, now, Jawn, an' that's not two things—I'll have now more discussions iv th' silver question in this house," said Mr. Dooley. "I've had enough, an' th' nex' man that opins his head to mintion it, I'll bounce into th' middle iv th' sthreet at a ratio av sixteen to wan—sixteen wallops with th' bungstarter to wan head.

"Las' night I was settin' here dhrinkin' me peaceful dhrink an' smokin' me tin-cint see-ga-ar whin in come Dinny Gallagher an' that ruffin Cassidy an' ordhers a tub iv beer apiece. I give it to thim an' while they was waitin' f'r th' collar to dhrop off Cassidy ups an' says he: 'I see Jawnpee an' Wash Hising have come together,' he says, 'over th' silver question,' he says. 'Yis,' says Gallagher, 'an' I wondher Jawnpee didn't tear his whiskers out be th' roots.' 'For why?' says Cassidy. 'Wash was right,' he says. 'D'ye mane to tell me ye'er a gooldbug?' says Gallagher. 'Sure I am,' says Cassidy 'Sure thing,' he says. 'If ye don't presarve th' goold sthandard,' he says, 'ye'll bring roonation on th' counthry.'

"'How was it befure th' act iv sivinty-three,' says Gallagher, 'whin th' British an' th' Jew min injooced Congress f'r to hurl th' bregans into silver?' he says. 'Was th' counthry iver betther off than it was thin?' he says. 'I raymimber well our back ya-ard was so ful iv th' bones iv reed-burrds we'd et that th' milkman thripped over thim.' 'That may be,' says Cassidy, 'but silver wasn't th' cause iv it,' he says. 'Or if it was how come it that no wan had reed-burrds two years ago whin th' governmint was turnin' out silver dollars like link sausage?' he says. 'Th' rale cause iv our financial disturbance is,' he says, 'that th' medjoom iv exchange is not on a parity with th' valyoo iv th' difference,' he says. 'Or,' he says, 'to make it more plainer,' he says, 'th' exchangeable commodity varies according to th' balance av th' unit,' he says. 'So whin I give ye wan dollar in goold that is wan dollar in goold, an' whin I give ye wan dollar in silver that is wan dollar, nayether. D'ye catch th' dhrift iv me remarks?'

"'I do,' says Gallagher. 'But wasn't it th' moxies an' th' British that done it?' he says. 'Not at all,' says Cassidy. 'It was Gresham's law.' 'Now, what th' 'ell do I care f'r Gresham's law,' says Gallagher. 'I knowed Gresham whin he was a justice iv th' peace with hair enough on his face to stuff a bed,' he says. 'But I con-tind this—that whin ye conthract th' currency ye conthin th' ability iv min to pay their debts,' he says. 'They sh'd be no kick comin' on that,' says Cassidy. 'What hurts is makin' people pay thim,' he says. 'Thrue f'r ye,' says Gallagher, 'but suppose ye have ye'er watch up,' he says. 'What thin?' 'Rob th' spout,' says Cassidy. 'But that's neither here nor there now in Connock,' he says. 'Th' point is this that cheap money dhrives out dear money,' he says. 'How?' says Gallagher. 'Well,' says Cassidy, 'suppose ye start out to-night with ye'er time f'im th' mills in ye'er pocket,' he says. 'Whin ye wake up in th' mornin' ye'er pockets is full iv quarthers an' dimes, mest iv thim with holes in thim,' he says. 'So be counthries,' he says. ''Tis there th' paratty comes in,' he says. 'Th paratty iv th' booze is not sufficient to keep up th' medjoom iv exchange,' he says.

"'Well, look here,' says Gallagher. 'D'ye know if I borried wan hundherd thousan' dollars f'im ye in eighteen hundherd an' sivinty-three I'd have to give ye two hundherd thousan' bushels iv wheat to-day?' 'Ye would not,' says Cassidy. 'I wouldn't take it,' he says. 'They'd be no place to put it. Ye'd pay me in dough or I'd have th' law on ye.' 'Thin,' says Gallagher, 'I'd have to pay ye two hundherd thousan' dollars.' 'For why?' says Cassidy. 'Because I borried silver f'r me an' silver is now rejoiced by th' sheenies an' th' British so that its worth on'y fifty cints to th' buck,' he says, 'an' goold, conthrarywise, is worth two dollars a dollar.' 'Well, its too bad, but ye'll have to sittle in goold,' says Cassidy. 'I'll have no silver,' he says. 'A man might as well have money made out iv his teeth,' he said. 'Thin ye'er a Jew,' says Gallagher. 'Ye'er a liar,' says Cassidy. 'I'll have no lip f'r me ye,' he says. 'Ye can hang on to ye'er dirty little ol' hundherd thousan', but I'll take it out iv ye on th' flure,' he says.

"'Hol' on there,' says I. 'We'll have no fightin' here,' I says. 'Settle up an' go home,' I says. 'Ye owe thirty cints f'r beer.' Well, Jawn, they dug in their pockets. Cassidy, the goold bug, projooced nawthin' but a nail an' a button an' th' bist th' free-silver man cud do was two copper cints.'

"'What did you do about it?" asked Mr. McKenna.

"'I give thim th' con-tints iv th' silver bottle,' said Mr. Dooley. 'An' I give notice that hinceforth all bimetallic conf'rinces 'll pay cash in advance. I'll restore th' parathy bechune a shell iv beer an' th' nickel iv commerce if I have to break some wan's back.'"

Corrected.

She stood before the sacred gates, a
blue-eyed, fair-haired miss,
Awaiting for her entrance to the
rapt'rous realm of bliss,
Until St. Peter beckoned her with courteous wave and cried:
"Now, fair one, enter; you will find
your robe hung up inside."
Upon the kindly saint she glanced with
scornful, pitying look
Good Peter mulled before her as her
heavenly way she took.
And slightly bowing as she passed, she
said: "My thanks, good sir;
I dare presume it is to my pajamas you
refer."

—Life.

Buried Standing.

Clement Spelman, of Narburgh, recorder of Nottingham, who died in 1679, is immured upright, inclosed in a pillar in Narburgh church, so that the inscription is directly against his face. This must surely be the one solitary instance of burial in a pulpit, although there are many other instances of burial in an upright position.

Thomas Cook, who was governor of the Bank of England from 1737 to 1739, and who had formerly been a merchant residing in Constantinople, died at Stoke Newington, August 12, 1752, and by his directions his body was carried to Morden college, Blackheath, of which he was a trustee; it was taken out of the coffin, and buried in a winding sheet upright in the ground, according to the Eastern custom.

Ben Jonson was buried at Westminster in an upright position Possibly this may have been on account of the large fee demanded for a full-sized grave. It was for a long time supposed that the story was invented to account for the smallness of the gravestone; but on the grave being opened some years since the dramatist's remains were discovered in the attitude indicated by tradition.—Pearson's Weekly.

They Get There First.

Dick Drillplate—"No, bank burglary ain't the profitable business it used to be."

The Rev. Mr. Slumleigh—"Indeed. But tell me, my good man, what has rendered it less lucrative?"

Dick Drillplate—"The cashiers."—New York World.

Contingent.

She—Can one receive a shock through the telephone?

He—Well, that depends upon who's at the other end.

A MAIDEN SOLILOQUY.

A yacht can lay over on a tack
And hold her nose in the spray,
But a girl wouldn't relish such sport as
that
Because she's not built that way!

A girl can reach, as well as a yacht,
And run for an (oyster) bay;
But she cannot carry a spinnaker boom
Because she's not built that way!

A girl, like a yacht, can luff and fill,
And at times she can stop in stays;
But she cannot carry a baby jib
Because she's not built that way!

A yacht can stand ten miles on a leg,
And can make her cables pay,
But a girl can hardly hold out so long
Because she's not built that way!

A yacht can hug up a sea-girt shore
And salute the flagship May,
But a girl would much rather hug her
beau,
Because she is built that way.

—Truth.

PRETTY FAIR PAY.

Mr. Foster Said to Get More Than $100,000 for Two Months' Work.

It is claimed that John W. Foster will receive more than $100,000 for two months' service as a diplomatic adviser, helping to let Li Hung Chang down as easy as possible with the Japanese, says the Detroit Free Press. Mr. Foster is one of the most experienced, if not one of the ablest commercial diplomats in this country, perhaps in the world; but the importance of this service to the Chinese government can hardly be overestimated, as is clearly shown by a statement made by a wide-awake member of the diplomatic corps.

"Before John W. Foster left this country," said this gentleman, "he had made a contract with the Chinese minister by which he was to receive a very large sum for his services as adviser to the Chinese government in the efforts then being made to secure peace with Japan. The cable to-day indicates that he has earned every penny of it. When Mr. Foster was first engaged it had not been decided to send Li Hung Chang to treat with Japan. The first thing Mr. Foster did was to insist that he be called to Pekin, restored to his former honors, and sent out with full powers to negotiate. Japanese would receive the veteran statesman with greater courtesy than it would extend to any other living Chinaman, and he shrewdly guessed that Li Hung Chang would command some sympathy for the harsh treatment received by him at the hands of his emperor. The result has fully justified this expectation. Li was received with distinction, and since the unfortunate incident of his attempted assassination, which, however, in view of the happy outcome, can hardly be called unfortunate, the Mikado has done everything in his power to make his task an easy one. The shrewd Foster was constantly at his elbow, and when Japan demanded an indemnity of 300,000,000 tae's, it was at Foster's suggestion that Li tactfully led the Japanese minister not to cripple the resources of China for all time by demanding so high a price for peace. The plea was successful, for the Japanese finally consented to put the amount at 200,000,000 taels. As a tael is worth about 73 cents in gold, the minister's shrewd work has probably saved China more than $70,000,000, so that the emperor can well afford to pay the American's little bill."

Keeping Shoes in Prime Order.

A woman hates to get her nice new shoes wet, because it spoils them so, but with care the wetting will not hurt them much. As soon as you can remove the wet shoes do so, and rub them well with a soft rag, to get some of the dampness out and to take off the mud; then rub them with a cloth saturated with kerosene. Get as much of the oil into them as possible, and then fill them as full of dry ash as you can and set them aside for a few hours, when apply another coating of kerosene. The stiffness will have disappeared, and the shoe will be in good shape when you want to don it again. Never try to put on a low shoe unless you have a shoe horn; you will be sure to stretch it out of shape in the back and make it ill-fitting. Keep the buttons sewed on your shoes and good strings in your laced boots, unless you want the men to say you are a "slouch." Have a pastepatch put over the first sign of a break in your shoe, and they will keep in shape and last twice as long. Buy good shoes if possible. Cheap shoes and cheap gloves are a snare for the unwary. They get out of shape, are ill-fitting and do not wear well. It is false economy to buy cheap foot or hand shoes.

Puny Babies Who Become Strong.

Mothers of delicate and puny babies need not despair, says Le Rappel. The excessively weak condition of Voltaire prompted his being baptized f r several months after he was born. Perhaps he protested at that early age. Newton was so small and frail at his birth that his life was despaired of. He lived, however, like Voltaire, to the age of 85. Jean Jacques Rousseau says: "I came into the world sick and infirm. Up to the age of 5 the life of Thou, the historian (born 1553) hung by a slender thread. Fontenalle, whose mental faculties remained unimpaired to the end of his long life—he died within a month of being a centenarian—was so delicate in his infancy that he was not allowed to be taken out into the open air. Walter Scott was an invalid before the age of two. His right leg being paralyzed, the poor little fellow had to support himself on a crutch. After being sent into the hill country with his father, he came back strong and active. And Victor Hugo has told us in his "Autumn Leaves" how delicate he was from his birth, and what anxious solicitude "made him twice the child of his mother."

Moaning Pines and Nervousness.

The sound of the wind in the branches and among the slender columns is inexpressibly sad, and affects some people with melancholia, and if they are very nervous often with hysteria. I am told that there are invalids in Thomasville who cannot endure the peculiar soughing that rises and falls as the wind grows stronger or subsides, like the incessant roar of the surf; and one young woman who was recommended to reside upon a "turpentine farm" so as to inhale the odor as a cure for the asthma was compelled to return to the city because the peculiar monotone made her frantic. Less impressionable people find it pleasant, and I imagine they soon become so used to it that they miss it when they go away, as one misses the sound of the sea, or the swish of the waves against the sides of a ship or the motion and racket of a railway train.—Georgia Letter to Chicago Tribune.

Simple Sport for Boys.

A charming mother who believes that her boys should be amused has invented the following for her three restless little ones: She had a carpenter make of hard wood five dozen sticks half an inch square and a foot long. Then she had him cut as many cubes of various sizes. She had the long sticks painted, one-third red, another third blue and the remainder white. The blocks were painted any color, and some not at all. Her boys amuse themselves by the hour building rail fences, arbors, barns and houses, dividing up according to color and buying and selling to each other. They have carved for themselves a little engine, and one has really developed a good deal of architectural talent. They have a box to put the blocks away in, and are made to attend to that themselves.

Squelching a Theater Nuisance.

Speaking of the young man who talks in public places, I heard a retort made to him last Thursday night which was a good 1. I was surprised never to have heard

THE "NEW WOMAN."

She does not "languish in her bower,"
Or squander all the golden day
In fashioning a gaudy flower
Upon a worsted spray;
Nor is she quite content to wait
Behind her "rose wreathed lattice pane
Until beside her father's gate
The gallant prince draws rein."

The brave "new woman" scorns to sigh
And count it "such a grievous thing"
That year on year should hurry by
And no gay suitor bring.
In labor's ranks she takes her place
With skillful hand and cultured mind
Not always foremost in the race,
But never far behind.

And not less lightly fall her feet
Because they tread the busy ways;
She is no whit less fair and sweet
Than maids of olden days,
Who, gowned in samite or brocade,
Looked charming in their dainty guise,
But dwell like violets in the shade,
With shy, half opened eyes.

Of life she takes a clearer view
And through the press serenely moves
Unfettered, free, with judgment true,
Avoiding narrow grooves.
She reasons, and she understands,
And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown
To lift with strong yet tender hands
The burdens men lay down.
—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal.

HOME TALKS.

HOW CHINESE WOMEN ARE TREATED IN THE HOME.

First Slaves and Then Autocrats—About the Two Who Controlled Many Affairs of State.

It is a sort of accepted, matter-of-course idea that women in dressing themselves, in order to make the most of whatever grace or beauty nature has bestowed upon them, are moved almost wholly by their desire to look attractive in the eyes of the other sex, and that, were it not for that motive, much less time and money would be expended upon dress. I have never believed this to be true in its largest sense, for, it seems to me, that in most women there is an innate something, call it self-respect if you will, that prompts them to self-adornment, to cleanliness and to tasteful attire, even when wholly secluded from the eyes of the world, or at least from the masculine part of it, outside of the family. Take the Chinese women, for instance, who are kept religiously apart from any social life in which men are included. They talk over the fashions with each other when exchanging visits with the same interest as inheres to the question in the Western lands, although the cut of their garments is exactly the same as it was two hundred years ago. The decorations, however, vary from year to year, and the style of these is what seems of momentous importance.

In a new book issued recently with the title of The Real Chinaman, a good many things of interest are given with regard to the home life of that quaint people. The author, Mr. Chester Holcombe, was for many years interpreter, secretary of legation, and finally acting minister for the United States to the court at Peking, and there had many opportunities to learn facts which, to the ordinary tourist, would be behind closed doors. To American women a life such as theirs would be an impossibility, although in rare instances we find girls here who have married Chinamen, and finally gone to live among the Celestials. My private opinion is that in most cases they would be glad if time could roll backward and put them on their native shore in careless girlhood again. It is quite unlikely, however, that such wives, usually those of high officials sent to this country, are treated in every respect as the native women, except that they must remain in seclusion.

Marriage is universal in China. There is no such thing as bachelors and old maids in that country. It does not presuppose as here either boarding away from the parents, or the forming of a new home center, but the bridegroom, who is never "grown up" in one sense, remains with his father and mother so long as they live, and his wife must go to him and becomes a part of their household. And a sorry time she has of it, for she becomes at once the family drudge or a servant of her mother-in-law. She is nothing and nobody to any one, except as a menial, and the heaviest burdens are laid upon her always. Indeed, Mr. Holcombe says that her condition is often so intolerable that she commits suicide. The only hope which she has is in motherhood, and when that is deferred, life is a terrible burden.

"Why, then, does she marry?" questions some bright young girl who reads this.

Simply because she cannot help it. There is no gay social life for her; no choice among suiters who plead for her love. She simply has no voice in the matter. Nor has the young man, for the arrangement is made by the parents, and when the day comes for her to be handed over, she, with her head and body to the waist enveloped in a bag, is carried to her husband, who many never have set eyes upon her, and of course has no sentiment about it in any way. Young wives in China are far and away from the petting and pleasures that are considered their rightful portion in this part of the world.

Later, however, when children come to her, the whole condition is changed, for "in motherhood alone does the Chinese woman find protection and honor." Then the tables are turned. From being a slave, she becomes an autocrat, and her autocracy lasts so long as she lives. Her boys may become old and gray-headed. They, themselves may be fathers of families, and yet they may not, in any way, be disobedient to her commands, however unreasonable. When she dies they must wear mourning and go unshaven for a period of a hundred days. I remember reading an account of an American who went to China on a mission, and desired to see a high official, Li Hung Chang I think it was. The latter was entirely withdrawn from public life, and even to conserve the safety of the empire, he dared not openly disregard the last duties he owed to his mother, who had just died.

As wives Chinese women have no influence whatever, but as just said as mothers they are all powerful. Mr. Holcombe illustrates the latter peculiarity by telling the story of the two wives of the Emperor Hsien Feng. While he lived they were puppets, but as soon as he was gone, they were absolute queens and their autocratic position continued for over thirty years. They were known as the Empress Dowager and the Empress Mother to foreigners. Strange as it may seem, during all this time their will has practically determined the policy of the government. They lived in strict seclusion, it is true, but when a council of state was necessary, they were present concealed behind a curtain, and expressed their opinions from that vantage ground. And these opinions were potential in public affairs. I say "were" because one of them died a few years ago, but the other is still vigorous and active. A curious part of it is that since 1875 the nominal emperor has not been the son of either of these women, but only a nephew of their deceased husband.

Of course it is difficult for us to understand a state of things that makes a wife a slave and a mother a goddess. So far do they carry the former feeling that a Chinaman never mourns when his wife dies. No matter how much he loves her, for affection may come after marriage, he must never show any feeling at her death. Contempt and ridicule in no small portion would be visited upon him if he did so, because, as one of the cabinet told Mr. Holcombe upon the occasion of the decease of the Prince Regent's wife, "there is no necessity for him to go in mourning for her. He can get as many more wives as he wishes," which is true, though one shrinks from such a cold blooded statement of a fact.

In truth, the Prince Regent had several other wives because in China a man may have as many as he can support, though the first one is the head of this band of "servants." The children by all are equally legitimate, have equal rights of inheritance, and seniority confers no advantages unless the father chooses to bestow them. Among the middle and poorer classes, however, one wife is the rule and more than that the exception. There is a funny old proverb in the empire to the effect that one woman under a roof means "peace;" two under a roof means "discord," and three the worst kind of intrigue and trouble, so that it would seem as if the real sentiment of the people was against polygamy.

Considering the way they live, a scolding wife would not be expected to exist, but we are assured that a Chinese woman never forgets that she has a tongue. "Whatever may be her capacity in other directions," writes Mr. Holcombe, "in shrill and voluminous scolding she has no equal. * * * The very atmosphere seems to quiver and collapse under the torrent of abusive language which is poured forth, picturesque in its adjectives, and, fortunately, untranslatable into English." And the man thus pursued is laughed at by his neighbors for not keeping his wife in quiet subjection.

There are many other curious customs in this far away country regarding women, and few of them have as yet been modified by English influence. It is very interesting to note the difference between them and those of our own nation. Doubtless greatly to our surprise, we should find that they would not change places with us even with all of what we call our advantages over their home and social life.

EMILY S. ROUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT

Which Presents Purely Practical Points of Interest This Week.

If you are contemplating any changes in the arrangement of your rooms, this season, let me suggest that you have on each floor a small room or a closet with a window in it, where you can keep brooms, dust pans, dust cloths, soap, sapollo, your brass polish, the blacking for the grates and everything needed for the cleanliness of that floor. It will save its cost many times during the year, by the time and hard labor saved in carrying these supplies about. If you have water all over the house, a small sink in this room, where running water may be had, will also be a great convenience. In some houses the bath room is used as a subsitute for this closet, but it is not so convenient, nor so pleasant.

When the painters who have been at work on your window sashes have been careless, and left spots or specks of paint on the glass, use plenty of turpentine either in the water or on a cloth to remove it. If any stubborn specks still remain, take a penny and rub the flat side on them and your work will be done.

Before putting down carpets wash the floors with hot water, to which turpentine has been added in the proportion of one-half pint to one pail of water; this will discourage moths more than anything else that you can do.

Sometimes your wall paper can be made to do another season by carefully wiping the dust off from it, doing just a little at a time, with a clean cloth, and grease spots can be removed from it by using powdered pipe-clay. Moisten it just enough to make it stick, apply to the spots, and when dry brush it off. Oil can be removed from a carpet by rubbing with grated, raw potato. The impression of some person's greasy hair can be removed from the back of an upholstered chair by using equal parts of ether and chloroform, which your druggist will prepare for you.

In putting away plush or velvet curtains, place thick wads of tissue paper between the folds so the pile will not be crushed, and fold every article put away for the summer smoothly and do them up in paper; white paper for delicate fabrics and newspapers or smooth brown for ordinary articles.

The editor of the Household has been asked several times to state her opinion as to the advisability of paying children for the assistance they give about the house or farm. As the summer vacation will soon be here, the time when so much is expected of the children, especially on farms where economy in the matter of help is necessary, the question is now given to the mothers and fathers of the Household to answer and the editor would be glad to hear from them, pro and con, on what seems to her a very important part of the training of the children. The idea is not whether children should be paid "salaries," but whether some recognition of their services beyond their board and clothing, should or should not be made.

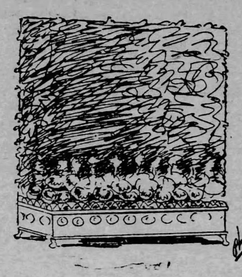
All papers should be sent so as to reach the editor by May 21, and will be published June 6. Let us hear from all who are interested.

"OUR INFINITE VARIETY."

This Week Should Surely Prove Charming to Our Household.

Ivy Screen.

Take a wooden box one foot wide, one foot deep, and of any desired length. Fasten castors under each corner and nail two pieces of lath to the back at each end, as long as you wish your screen to be. Now tack a piece of coarse wire netting to these uprights, stretching it snugly from one to the other at the back of the box, and paint the whole either in a solid green, or with an ornamentation of white. Put a layer of broken pots or charcoal in the bottom of the box for drainage, and fill with light rich soil. At the back next the screen

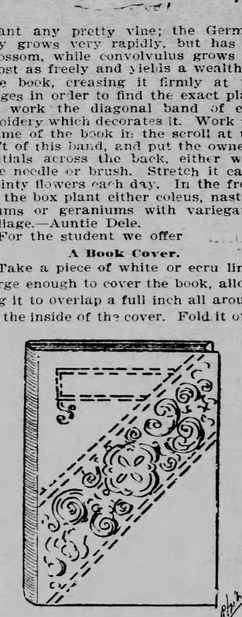


plant any pretty vine; the German ivy grows very rapidly, but has no blossom, while convolvulus grows almost as freely and yields a wealth of the book, creasing it firmly at the edges in order to find the exact place to work the diagonal band of embroidery which decorates it. Work the name of the book in the scroll at the left of this band, and put the owner's initials across the back, either with the needle or brush. Stretch it care-dainty flowers each day. In the front of the box plant either coleus, nasturtiums or geraniums with variegated foliage.—Auntie Dele.

For the student we offer

A Book Cover.

Take a piece of white or ecru linen large enough to cover the book, allowing it to overlap a full inch all around at the inside of the cover. Fold it over



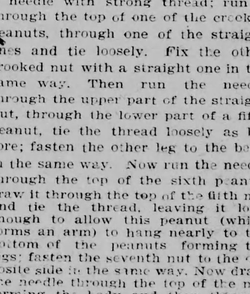
fully over the book, and fold in the corners and edges neatly, and fasten with gum tragacanth. It is a good idea to turn back one of the fly leaves, and fasten the cover to this, as in this case if it is desired to remove it, the book itself will not be injured.—Miss Pamela.

For the children,

A Peanut Chinaman.

Select 8 peanuts, 2 that are very much bent, for feet, one for a head, and five very straight ones. Thread a needle with strong thread; run it through the top of one of the crooked peanuts, through one of the straight ones and tie loosely. Fix the other crooked nut with a straight one in the same way. Then run the needle through the upper part of the straight nut, through the lower part of a fifth peanut, tie the thread loosely as before; fasten the other leg to the body in the same way. Now run the needle through the top of the sixth peanut, draw it through the top of the fifth nut and tie the thread, leaving it long enough to allow this peanut (which forms an arm) to hang nearly to the bottom of the peanuts forming the legs; fasten the seventh nut to the opposite side in the same way. Now draw the needle through the top of the nut forming the body and then through

the eighth nut which forms the head, and tie the thread. Mark his celestial-ship's features with a pen and black ink, and tint the feet to represent shoes. Take six strands of black Saxony yarn, braid them carefully, sew them to a round piece of black court-plaster, and stick the patch to the back of his head. For his dress take two pieces of black silk each about three inches wide and long enough to reach from the feet to the middle of the body, join the long edges of each piece a little more than half of their length; then join the front edges of the two sections together, treating the back edges in the same way; make a narrow hem at the lower edge of these "trousers," gather the top and draw



tightly about the "body peanut." Take a narrow strip of the silk, draw it tightly over the gathers, allowing it to extend half the length of the head peanut. Cut two other sections of the silk and draw them closely about the peanut arms, leaving one end exposed, and having the section long enough to reach nearly to the top of the band, where it is to be fastened firmly. The upper part of his costume is made of bright plaid ribbon about four inches wide. It requires about half a yard, which is to be cut into two sections, each five inches long for the body, and two other sections, each three and one-half inches long for the sleeves. Join the edges of each sleeve, and in the top at each side of the seam make two little pleats, turning toward the seam. Join the edges of the body for about half an inch from the neck; then sew the sleeves to the edges with the seams of the sleeves directly underneath, gathering in their fullness at the top; now join the sides of the body section for about half an inch, and finish the edges with a tiny hem. Gather the ribbon at the upper edge; put the tunic on, and fasten tightly about the neck.—June Felton.

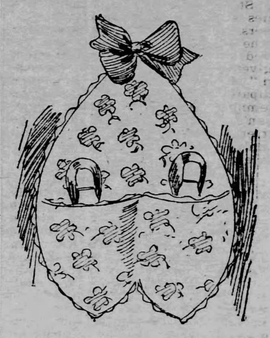
For everybody—

Bed-Room Curtains.

For a window five feet high make a full valance of Swiss muslin eleven inches deep when finished, trim it with lace or a ruffle, and arrange it at the top of the window. Just below it fasten a rod, and hang the window curtains on this; do not drape them back, but let them hang straight and full. Pretty cheese cloth curtains may be trimmed at the edge with lace or a ruffle of the same, and if a strip of bright colored cambric is put inside the hem it will prove quite an addition to the beauty of the curtain.—E. Conomy.

A Shoe Bag.

Cut a piece of cardboard the shape shown in the illustration and of any desired size; cover it smoothly on both sides with cretonne, plain linen or flowered satine, letting the edges of the cover project about half an inch all around. Baste firmly and stitch on the machine just at the edge of the cardboard. Mark a scalloped edge outside this stitching, and work with floss. Make the pockets of the doubled material, scalloping them across the top, and joining them to the back before the edge of the latter is worked. Divide them with a double row of ma-



chine stitching and sew a bow of bright ribbon at the top to conceal the brass suspension ring.—Theresa Dale.

HOUSEHOLD LETTER BOX.

An Old-Time Friend Comes Again, and Some New Ones.

Dressing on Sixty Dollars a Year.

"Have you ever been compelled to dress on sixty dollars a year? That is my allowance, and by studying economy closely, I fancy that I have been enabled to make that amount do a great deal first of all. I have found that neatness is very important. Every particle of dust should be brushed from a dress when it is taken off, missing buttons replaced, the small rents darned, and various other matters attended to as soon as they need it. If you have never tried it, you will be surprised to find how much longer a garment will last and how much better it will look. Gloves should be smoothed out and laid in a drawer or glove case, veils neatly folded, shoes cleaned, and if they have been wet, oiled before they are put away.

Dresses are the largest item of expense, but with a little care and forethought, this can be greatly lessened. One rule which it is well to observe is, always buy good material; it is more satisfactory to begin with, and it is nice as long as it lasts. I always do my own sewing, sometimes having a dressmaker fit the bodices of my best dresses. I can wear a cloth, flannel or cashmere dress three or four seasons—the first winter for best dress, then it takes the place of second best. The third season it is taken apart, dyed a different color, and made for house wear. Dyeing is a great aid to economical dressing, often enabling us to use material that would be worthless in its present color.

Calico or gingham dresses with large aprons are nice in the morning, and $3 will buy all that I can wear out in a year. One good summer dress will cost $2, and can be worn for Sunday one summer, and for afternoons two summers after that. Of course, it is necessary to alter it somewhat to keep up with the styles, and for that reason it is best to buy a yard or two more than is required for the dress when it is first made.

I find three pairs of shoes are plenty for a year, and they sometimes last longer. One pair for Sunday, costing $3 perhaps; one pair for winter, and a pair of low shoes for summer. The Sunday shoes, after being worn a year, will often last almost all summer for every day wear, thus lessening the cost of shoes considerably. Then I find one pair of rubbers and one pair of overshoes necessary, making the entire cost about $8.

The next item is $3 for gloves, which is enough to buy two pairs of kid gloves, one pair of silk or other fabric, and fine yarn for a pair of fancy mittens, which are excellent for very cold weather, and may be knit at odd times. A summer and winter hat, costing about $3.50 apiece, are bought each year, and the old ones made over for every day wear. The feathers and ribbons of one will often help to trim another, which will save a dollar or two. Veils and a fascinator will add another dollar and a half to the cost.

As a suit of undergarments will last at least two years, I buy winter garments one year and summer garments the next, so that $4 per year will cover the bill for that item. All the large dry goods houses sell at greatly reduced prices at certain seasons of the year, and I try to take advantage of these sales. Six pairs of hose, costing $2, will be enough for a year, if they are darned and mended whenever they need it; those with double heel and toes are the cheapest, for they last so much longer.

Then there is a cloak to be bought every two years, which will, with the various little things necessary, make a total of $60. Of course, it takes planning, but that amount will really dress one very comfortably.—Mary.

The editor is certain that all members of the Household will be very glad to again welcome "Mary," whose letters have always been so practical and helpful.

Not the Approval of Man, but of God.

Some time ago a lady asked the opinion of the members of the Household on the matter of her ceasing to attend church because the ladies of her congregation paid little or no attention to her. I had hoped that a goodly number of answers to her letter would appear. My dear sister, do not allow such a trivial thing to come between you and your place of worship. No matter who notices you or who does not, attend church services as regularly as possible, and pray God for grace to enable you to go for very love of Him and His sanctuary. Attend prayer meeting as regularly as you can. "Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can," and do it all for the glory of God and the good of those about you, and I am sure you will have the love and respect of all whose love and respect are worth having."—L.

About the Modern Garden of Eden.

"Who knows but Mr. Bishop's story may be the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the present day? The story that shall arouse public sentiment and point the way to the emancipation, not of one class only but of all classes who are willing to accept their freedom—a freedom from old-time usages and narrow social customs."—Mrs. E. P. Sparr.

No More Impossible Than Others.

"My daughter reads Mr. Bishop's story and says to me, 'Mother, you know this to be an impossible story.' I then read to her Mother Shipton's Prophecy, first published in England in 1485, before the discovery of America. Has not America come to be like a Garden of Eden to the carnal minded man? And are not all Christians looking forward to a thousand years, when Christ will reign, when the spiritual minded man must hold sway. But there must be a starting point somewhere, and why not here in America?"

Does Not Approve of Brown.

"I should think that Mr. Brown would go off and let that Stella alone, and I think every man and woman should be satisfied with the love of one good man or woman. I am."—S. H.

Why She Approves.

"I thank God one story has been written which advocates that a girl should insist that a man become a Christian, and do all the reforming necessary before she will marry him."—Josephine.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Sign Your Name and Write With Ink On One Side of Your Paper.

We are very anxious to learn of a sure cure for goitre. If it can be furnished through The Blade we will be very thankful.—West.

The editor would advise you to consult some reliable physician. It is taking a very serious risk to depend upon chance cures, in such cases, and what would be a remedy in one instance might, from peculiar physical conditions, with another person, prove a complete failure.—Ed.

Hattie Pierson:—Write to Butterick & Co., New York, possibly you can obtain information from them.—Ed.

E. B. H.:—Letters addressed to Miss Frances Willard, Evanston, Ill., will be forwarded to her wherever she may be.—Ed.

Miss Jessie Swope:—Your manuscript cannot be used, as it is written on both sides of the paper, and with a lead pencil, and is hardly up to the requirements of The Blade in other particulars. You failed to enclose stamps for its return, but it will be held one week for you if you still wish for it.—Ed.

Mrs. A. Clark:—Hazel sends the words of the song you asked for and they will be published in The Blade as soon as there is space.—Ed.

Hostess:—It is proper for a hostess to return calls made at a reception without waiting for the guests to call again.—Ed.

Answers.

"Another who wants to know." Clemency Newcome was a servant girl in Dickens' story of the Battle of Life. She was extremely ignorant of "book learning," but equal to any emergency in all other ways. Her reading was confined to mottoes engraved on her thimble and on the nutmeg grater, which were: "Forget and Forgive," and "Do as you would be done by."

The "Lady of the Aristook" is the title of a book by Wm. D. Howells, which the editor recommended to the cook, and which she in turn recommends to every one.—Household Cook.

Mrs. Morris:—Plant a few radish seeds around and near squashes and cucumbers. This will keep the little yellow striped bugs away, but I cannot say as to the other pests you write about, as I have never been troubled with them. I always sift wood ashes on my vines a few times also air slacked lime.—Subscriber.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Good Advice and Good Recipes, Either or Both at Your Service.

A correspondent sends us a long list of what she calls "Dinner Maxims," from which the cook selects these: "Rapid eating is slow suicide;" "Dinner should be of a lighter nature in summer than in winter;" "Fish and oysters are easily digested;" "Vegetables and fruits are to be used most freely at that season of the year when they naturally mature;" and closes with this word of warning which we will all do well to remember: "Abuse of the stomach at meals will be repaid sooner or later by that punishment that comes to the glutton."

While statistics inform us that more people die from having too much food than those from a lack of it, yet these are not all to be called gluttons, for besides over eating, a person may suffer from eating while fatigued, chilled or excited, but after all these can come under the head of abuse of the stomach and if we would succeed in anything we undertake, physically, mentally or morally, we must always remember to treat that very important organ, the stomach, with due care and respect.

Here are some salads not in every day use:

Sweet Bread Salad.

Soak in clear, cold water for 1 hour, 2 sweet breads; boil till tender and pick to pieces, removing all the fat and gristle. Chop into rather small pieces, pour over it a mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.—L. S.

Lobster Salad.

Press out the juice from one can of lobsters, chop, not very fine, and place in a salad dish with alternate layers of finely chopped lettuce and the whites of hard boiled eggs; cut in rings, wash the yolks of three eggs and mix with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt and pepper; two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teacupful of vinegar. Heat this, stirring till it is smooth and thick, when cold, thin to the proper consistency with sweet cream and pour over the salad, mixing it with a fork. —Annabel M.

Oyster Salad.

Boil 20 oysters in their own liquor for five minutes; drain, wash in cold water and set away till very cold, taking care that they are not frozen. Cut in two, unless very small and serve on salad leaves with mayonnaise dressing.—Ollie.

Asparagus Salad.

Boil the tops of one pint of asparagus in salted boiling water for 15 minutes; drain, place in cold water and let them stand till ready to serve. Dry carefully with a soft cloth, place in a salad dish, cover with the French salad dressing and serve after ten minutes.—Allison L.

French Dressing.

Into a salad bowl put one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of black pepper and add to these gradually three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, or melted butter and one tablespoonful of vinegar. After the salt is entirely dissolved, stir for two minutes and it is ready for use.—Mrs Rover.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Welcome the Gentle Spring Right Gaily With a Full Attendance.

Mr. Will C. Millikan, president of the Order of Blade Merry-Go-Rounds in Kansas, was born in Montgomery county, that state, December 1, 1876. Born and living for a considerable time upon a farm he became inured to the rugged life of his rural home, and possessed of a healthy body and robust physique. His parents removing in 1885 to Independence, Kan., he has been since that time an earnest, deserverying student, now attending

WILL C. MILLIKAN, KANSAS.

the high school in that city. He is much interested in literary and educational topics, cheerfully lending his aid to all attempts to advance the morals, intellectual strength and character of his friends and associates. He has been prominent in connection with the organization of the young people's societies in his church, and his aim is the attainment of an education which shall fit him for a place of usefulness in the world's great household.

Jayhawker, Kan.:—"I am an old soldier's son, and live on a farm in sunny Kansas; I am an 'equal suffragist,' heartily indorsing Thena's position on that question, and I am a Prohibitionist, though I do not vote the Prohibition ticket."

J. M. A., Wash.:—"I am a miner by profession and a bachelor, and shall be pleased to join you on your Western tour, thinking I can interest some of the 'school-marms' in Western life and history. I have a beautiful specimen cabinet, containing many thousand specimens of different ores from various states and mines, and if the girls are 'real nice' I will present them with specimens showing native gold and silver. We will entertain you at our cabin home, providing you come this way, and give you a dinner never to be forgotten."

Write again certainly J. M. A. but reserve the description; it will be called for later on.

Queen Mab, N. Y.:—"I think the plan of organization is good, but I am sorry my state has not enough members to entitle us to a president. Czark, I too, think that it is not right to compel any one to rest. If they believe Sunday is the proper day to observe, all right, or if they prefer Saturday let them rest then. Sam Igotus after all you do not ask for much, most of the gentlemen want their wives to have good educations agreeable dispositions etc., but you only desire a beautiful face! I intended telling the M. G. R. about our sugar camp and how we make maple-sugar, but I have written too much already and am afraid of that basket."

Let us hear about the sugar camp next time your majesty.

Buffalo Bill, Ind., forgot to send his real name, so Miss Prudence could not give him a hearing.

Zelda, O.:—"I am 16 years old, and live in the country with my grandparents. Like Myrtle May I think a woman's place is at home on election day. I would be glad to have Miss Prudence's photograph published."

Swamp Angel, Mo.:—"I live in what is known as the 'swamp lands' of Southeast Missouri, but our swamps are not what some people think they are. It's a fine farming region, protected from overflows by a levee, and we have the convenience of a railroad. From this time (April 19 till July our lakes are almost like a paradise from the fragrance of the water lilies, and a flower that far excels even that, commonly called yonkiepin. I support Susie's request, let us have the photograph of our excellent president Miss Prudence. I would like to hear Myrtle May's reasons for not being in favor of equal suffrage."

Your questions concerning state president and subject are answered in The Blade of April 25. Miss Prudence is very glad to welcome you.

Comet, Ill.:—"I think it is quite right to give us the president's pictures, and also that of Miss Prudence."

Scrub Oak, Ind.:—"I am a member of the M. E. church, of the Junior Epworth League and the Loyal Temperance Legion. I attend the public schools which will be closed in a few more weeks, and read in the Fourth reader."

Minnie, Oregon:—"Some one speaks of the 'sameness' of novels and stories; surely they must be pleased, as I am, with A Garden of Eden, Colonel Suckerbait, I too, live in the Willamette valley where there is no such word as fall, in regard to rain or crops. I enjoyed the chats with the Chaperone more than the individual letters, as so many more were represented, but find it all interesting and instructive."

Little Onions, Ind.:—"Perhaps some of our friends will allow Sam Igotus a chance to rest on the pretty face question, for he has certainly vindicated himself in the eyes of the majority. What has become of Topsy and other old members? Surely they cannot have forsaken the Circle; Miss Muffit may your shadow never grow less!"

Paul, Iowa:—"I have always been much interested in the M. G. R., but as I have never written before I hardly know how to begin. My home is in Northern Iowa. My favorite author is Dickens, and my pet study is arithmetic."

Miss Prudence agrees with you concerning the author, Paul, and, so far as her 'feminine ability' permits is fond of arithmetic also.

Lenore, Va.:—"Do all the good you can in all the ways you can, to all the people you can.' What a beautiful motto, but do we all try to follow it? We should not pass by the little deeds, the smiles, the kind words in our aspiration to do greater things, but cheerfully perform the small duties of life and fill our 'small corner' acceptably. I hope the Old Dominion will be entitled to a president in the near future. Sam Igotus, because you are being criticised by the members, do not get 'chicken-hearted' and leave us as did Philosopher, and Trew Blew, and in this land of fair maidens may you find your ideal with her pretty face made more beautiful by noble qualities of heart and mind."

Willa, O.:—"I vote 'aye' with Susie, and feel certain that Miss Prudence will not have the heart to refuse our earnest appeal for her likeness. Good for you Sam Igotus! I expected something of that sort; I am confident you could find no flaw in my fairy-like beauty and sweet disposition! I have just read George Eliot's Mill on the Floss and A Noble Life, by Miss Mulock, and it would be hard for me to decide which I like the better. The former abounds in beautiful descriptions, while the latter shows how much good a helpless cripple did in a few short years. Read them M. G. R.'s and report."

R. H. Sea, S. D.:—"I have begun to think it is really dangerous for a person to express an opinion in the Circle. Poor Sam Igotus ventures to make the sensible remark that he prefers a pretty face to a homely one, and I agree with him perfectly, but what a storm it raised! When I see all the girls come out to do battle against such an honest opinion, I come to the conclusion that they must be very plain looking! A pretty girl would not do it! Why cannot a pretty girl have as many good traits as a homely one? One who is ugly tempered will soon show it in her countenance, and will thus lose her beauty. I advise Sam not to give in or 'die' like Carl, but stick to his opinion, he is right."

Haec, Idaho:—"I am a 'school ma'am' living way out in the Gem of the mountains. We have tried your rule for the combination of ie and ei, and find it does not hold in such words as glacier, sleigh, and some others. I am sure the Garden of Eden is a possible story; am a strong advocate of equal rights and claim there is no good argument against it."

Blue-eyed L. sends an epistle without date or signature and surely cannot expect Miss Prudence to notice it.

Forest, W. Va.:—"I live far from railroads and the noise and bustle of city life in a beautiful glade country, where the wild flowers bloom in profusion along the brooks and in the groves and meadows. I do not think that a really sane mind can be injured by reading good novels, for they contain many noble thoughts. I am a staunch believer in woman's suffrage, thinking they are entitled to the same privileges as men in this country of equal rights. I heartily endorse the sentiment of Inda in regard to the fashion of wearing bird's feathers and believe the feathers of a hawk or crow would be more becoming to those who are so heartless as to persist in having innocent birds destroyed for the sake of fashion."

The prize offered for the list of answers to the questions given by Miss Freeman as a review of the tour of the M. G. R.'s has been awarded by the committee to Miss Josephine Williams, of Brookside, Col., known to the Merry Go Rounds as Harel Thornton. Lists worthy of special mention were sent by Miss Mary E. Frink, of Iowa, and Miss Mary James, of Missouri. The prize list will be published in Our Young Folks column in a couple of weeks.

Miss Prudence wants to tell Lenore that Philosopher is still with us, being indeed one of our state presidents. Trew Blew has not been heard from for some time, but the Chaperone lives in hopes of his return to "grace."

R. H., Sea:—Criticism is the very soul of progress, and the Chaperone is never so well pleased as when one of her young people advances some radical belief or idea that is certain to bring out free comments from the others.

Haec:—Exceptions prove the rule, you know; thank you for mentioning those words. Can any of the M. G. R.'s think of others where the rule fails?

Lenore and Queen Mab:—Your states only lack a few members to entitle them to presidential honors. Cannot you persuade some of your friends and neighbors to subscribe to the Blade and thus make up the requisite number?

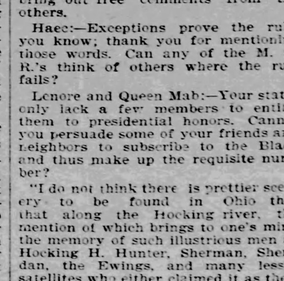
"I do not think there is prettier scenery to be found in Ohio that that along the Hocking river, the mention of which brings to one's mind the memory of such illustrious men as Hocking H. Hunter, Sherman, Sheridan, the Ewings, and many lesser satellites who either claimed it as their birthplace or spent the earlier years of their lives in humble obscurity upon its banks. The name is of Indian derivation, meaning a bottle, and not many years ago its fertile valleys were dotted with Indian villages. The scene I shall try to describe is situated near the center of the state, and is most aptly called Rock Mill.

"The river here is by no means large and has a bed of solid rock; as it goes chattering along it passes under an old covered bridge whose abutments are of solid rock, the natural banks of the river, which grows narrower and deeper for a few rods and plunges over a precipice 30 feet, after which it widens into a beautiful valley.

"An old grist mill, the first along the river was built here of logs in 1851, but several years after was replaced by a large frame structure which still stands. It has an overshot wheel 30 feet in diameter and despite its age can run as merrily as ever when put to work.

"The scene is a very pretty one as one stands looking into the valley, but by going around the mill and through several fields a better view can be obtained. In the dry season it is possible to stand very near the water fall and then it is seen that instead of dashing upon the rocks it falls into a hole which is said to be bottomless. Numberless little springs come bubbling up out of the rocks and at one of them a hole has been made large enough to dip a bucket and wire track ways constructed by which water can be drawn at the mill and on the opposite bank where a small house has been built containing a windlass for that purpose.

"As one stands there they are awed into silence by the lovely scene. There towers the old mill a hundred feet above yo, the foaming, roarding waters tumbles over the rocks at your feet, and all around lies Nature in her most beautiful garb. Stones and fallen trees are covered with moss and lichens while from the perpendicular rocks hang graceful ferns and wild flowers. Artists of considerable note have come many miles to transfer the beauties of this spot to canvass and I never visit it without smothering a sigh that I am neither poet nor artist to give to the world an idea of its charm. Certainly no one can study it without being attracted through nature's loveliness to thoughts of nature's God."—Will.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

If you find a four-leaved clover,
The proper thing to do
Is to take a walk that evening,
With the clover in your shoe.

If you choose the right direction,
And walk far enough, they say,
You will find your future "partner"
Face to face, upon the way.
—L. A. F.

THE TRE-FOIL CLUB.

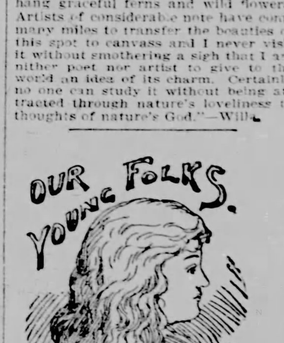
Three disconsolate little girls were sitting on the porch at Bay Side when the artist came in from a sketching tour, and asked the reason for their doleful faces.

"There isn't a single thing to play," said Tutie.

The artist thought a minute and then said: "When I was a little girl we used to play something called 'Ring around a rosy'; why don't you play that?"

Jean tossed her brown curls: "Two girls are not enough to make a ring, Cousin Lester?"

"But there are three of you." "Yes, but one has to be the 'rosy'," they all



cried together; "There's London Bridge and Ducks A-Wooling, and lots of games if there were only some more girls, but three isn't enough for anything."

"Three is just exactly enough for a 'teeter'; the artist said triumphantly. "And there's a pile of new boards in the back yard. Suppose you try that for a while, and when you are tired come up to my room."

The doeful faces brightened at once and the girls scampered away to the back yard, where the 'teeter' proved so attractive that it was late in the afternoon before they presented themselves in the artist's room. She was painting busily, but looked up as they went in.

"You found there was one thing three girls could do, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yes'm, but we can't teeter all the time."

"True; now when I was little I was always "getting up' a society of some sort, and I have been wondering, since you three are likely to be the only little girls in the house this summer, if you would not like to form a club, whose purpose should be to see how much pleasure three girls all alone can make for themselves.

"There are just enough of you so that each can have an office, which is an excellent arrangement, and I will furnish your badges, and, if you wish it, I will name your club."

"Tha twill be just lovely!" cried the three. "What will you name it, Cousin Lester?"

"I thought 'The Trefoil Club' would be very appropriate," the artist answered; "and here is a design I have made for your badges." This was a clover leaf, having in each of its three sections the outline of a child's head.

"I shall want each one of you to give me a sitting," she went on; "which of you is the oldest?" "Tutie," cried the other two.

"Then she shall be president of your club, and I will put her likeness in this upper leaf. Who comes next?" Jean? Then she shall be secretary and put in the lower right hand section, and Gretchen shall be the treasurer and go in the left hand corner. Come one at a time to-morrow and I will sketch you in."

The artist turned to her work again and the girls went away, feeling very important indeed. A day or two later each one of them wore a blue ribbon, to which was fastened a celluloid clover leaf on whose polished surface Lutie's blonde loveliness, Jean's dark little face, and Gretchen's soft brown eyes smiled gaily.

The club became an institution before the summer was over. The walks they took and the accounts they wrote of them; the business meetings they held to decide whether two or three of the old cat's kittens should be saved from an untimely end; the animated discussions they indulged in as to what use the funds in the treasurer's hands should be put, and how they finally decided to invest them in stick candy and pickles; the number of games they invented to be played by three only would fill a book, and when the summer was gone, and they went to their homes in different cities, many were the plans laid for the work of the Trefoil club next season.

But "The best laid plans of mice and men, gang aft agley," and the Trefoil club was destined to be absorbed in another. The next season there was a fourth little girl at Bay Side; a pale little girl who sat always in an invalid chair by the window, and who looked on so wistfully when the Trefoils started out on their expeditions that tender-hearted Gretchen begged the girls to ask her to join them.

"Why Greta she can't!" said President Tute, decidedly. "In the first place she can't move out of her chair unless some one helps her, and besides that, it would spoil the club to have more than three in it; it wouldn't be the Tre-foil any more!"

"Of course not!" echoed Jean. "And Cousin Lester wouldn't like us to change the name, I'm sure."

Gretchen said nothing more, for she did not like to displease her two friends, but she still felt very sorry for the pale little girl who had no one to play with, and she had a strong hope that when the artist came something would be done for her. Miss Lester arrived a few days later, and had not been in the house two hours before she knew the whole story.

"What do you think might be done, Gretta?" she asked. "You surely have a plan in your wise little head."

"I thought, Miss Lester, if you would tell the girls the four-leaved clover legend back, perhaps they would be willing to have an extra leaf painted on our badges, if you would not mind doing it, and Beth could be put in that."

"But how about the offices, Gretta? The rule of the club has been an office to every member you know."

"I thought of that too; you see when we go to walk we gather ever so many flowers and pretty things to carry home, but half of them are thrown away because we forget to press and arrange them. Beth cannot go with us to find them, but if you think she would like to be the 'Arranger' I know that is a funny word, but you can tell me what the office ought to be called."

"She shall be the 'Clover-fix,'" said the artist, laughing, and kissing Gretta all over her earnest little face. "I will persuade the girls to agree to your plan, my dear, and I am sure the Good Luck club will be ever more prosperous than the Tre-foil, since its object is to bring pleasure not only to your own three selves, but to poor little Beth also."

So the extra leaf was painted on, the pale little girl had her share in the pleasant times, and kind-hearted Gretchen was perfectly happy, but Jean and Tute have never quite ceased to regret the short life of the Tre-

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

FEARFUL IOWA TORNADO.

Exact Number of Fatalities Unknown.

Sioux City, Ia., May 4.—At least fifty-two people are believed to have been killed in the terrible cyclone that passed over this part of Iowa. Some persons estimate the death roll between 200 and 250, but it is not believed it will reach that number.

No one as yet can tell how great the loss of life is or how extensive the damage until reports from the outlying districts have been received. The telegraph wires in this section are all down and authentic information is hard to get. Three school houses are known to have been demolished, two teachers and several pupils and nearly a score of others killed and many buildings were wrecked.

The Death List.

Those known to be dead or missing are:

Mamie S. Hagle and five brothers, killed near Sioux Center.

Mrs. John Kerster, near Sioux Center; her child blown away and not yet found.

Ana Marsden, teacher in Coombs school, near Ireton.

Goerge Marsden, brother to Anna, teacher in another school near Ieton.

Charles Marsden, killed near Sioux Center.

Mrs. Post, killed near Sioux Center.

Rudolph Schwedelfer, aged twenty, killed by lightning near Sutherland.

Mrs. John Waterman, killed near Sibley.

Mrs. Herman Bellkomps and two children.

Child of A. Verhoff, killed near Sioux Center.

Two children of J. B. Coombs, killed near Sioux Center.

John Patterson.

William Ludrichs.

Mrs. R. W. Smith.

G. F. Balling.

Anna Hoisington.

Bertha Doonburg.

H. G. Nelderfahk.

Peter Stimmer, killed in his house near Laurens by lightning.

M. F. Hoyt.

J. Jamieson.

Besides the above a number were injured, some fatally. A curious feature of the cyclone was the accompaniment of electrical violence and many deaths by lightning are reported.

Towns in the Storm's Path.

The towns of Sioux Center, Ireton, Orange City, Perkins, Doon, Hull, Sheldon, Alton, Ashton, Sibley and Le Mars were almost directly in the path of the cyclone. The storm was followed by furious wind and rainfall, which had not abated at an early hour this morning.

Numerous victims were found lodged in trees, where they had been hurled by the wind. Where had stood fine residences could be found nothing but a cellar hole and in some cases a few twisted timbers, while strewn all over the ground were portions of buildings and furniture, bearing not the least semblance of their original form, and useless except for kindling. Fields of sprouting grain are now bare, trees uprooted and all is desolation along the path of the cyclone.

A pitiful feature of the disaster is the number of youthful lives lost by the cruel wind. Three school houses near Sioux Center were destroyed while school was in progress, and at each one from three to ten children were killed or injured. Many of the children were carried from a quarter to half a mile before they were dropped.

Two little daughters of John Koster, a farmer near Sioux Center, were picked up as they were leaving the school house and dashed into a wire fence, where both were killed. Two sons of C. H. Haggie, at the same school house, had their legs broken and received other injuries from which they will die. Mr. Haggie's house is near the school, and, although he secured his daughter was so badly injured that she cannot live.

The parents of many of the children escaped the storm and are nearly frantic with anxiety to learn whether their little ones are dead or alive.

This storm, widespread as it was, appears to have been a true cyclone in places and in other parts of its territory partook more of the nature of a tornado, and in others, even where damage was considerable, was not more than a gale of wind, with severe hail and rain. The severest cyclone had its course for 12 or 15 miles in Sioux county. The same storm or another one touched at Sibley and did great damage there.

No Cyclone in Dakota.

In South Dakota, where there was severe destruction, there appears to have been no real cyclone, with its swirling, funnel-shaped cloud. The Sioux county cyclone appears to have originated near Ireton, and to have traveled northeast to a point on the Sioux City & Northern road one and one-half miles north of Sioux Center. Then it took the course of a letter "S" crosing the track twice. It struck the town of Perkins from the southwest, and those who saw it there believed it rose, or was dissipated at that point.

Although the path of destruction was almost altogether in the country definite information is difficult to get.

Buildings Wrecked in Ashton, S. D.

Webster, S. D., May 4.—The Northern portion of Spink county, South Dakota, was swept by a cyclone last night. The greatest damage so far reported was at Ashton, where the opera house was blown down, the Congregational church demolished and many houses and barns destroyed. The telegraph wires are down and it is impossible to learn whether any one was killed or injured in the stricken town.

Nellieville, Wis., May 4.—During the electrical storm which passed over here, Mrs. Joseph Sutherland, of the town of York, fearing the storm retired to the cellar and no sooner was she there than lightning struck the house, stunned her husband and killed her.

Manitowoc, Wis., May 4.—A great storm passed over the village of Kellnerville yesterday afternoon and John Anderla, fourteen years old, who was in bed, was killed by a bolt of lightning.

POWDER MILLS BLOWN UP.

Store House With 20,000 Pounds of Powder Exposed.

South Acton, Mass., May 3.—This morning one of the powder mills of the American Powder Company here blew up. A few minutes later a second mill, situated a hundred yards away, also exploded. Fire caused by the explosion spread to the third mill but was stopped in coming mill, and in a few minutes it blew up and was also destroyed. Five persons are believed to have been killed. The woods close by the mills were set on fire and burned fiercely, threatening the big storehouse of the company containing 20,000 pounds of powder and preventing the saving of property. Fifty men were employed in the mills, and when the noise of the first explosion was heard those in the cottages and mills, about forty in number, rushed from the building and escaped before the flames spread to the mill. The mills, ten in number, are separated from each other and enclosed by high board fences. The explosion of the first mill set fire to the surrounding fence, and the flames soon spread to the second mill. In 15 minutes after the first explosion three of the mills had been destroyed. Five men were killed.

West Virginia Moonshiners Cowed.

Huntington, W. Va., May 1.—The moonshiners, who have run things to suit themselves in Logan, Wyoming, McDowall and Mercer counties, are cowed. Marshal Smith and a squad of deputies started out to capture Lee Ward, who has been selling liquor illegally. Ward opened fire but Smith put four shots into him in quick succession and he died in a few minutes. This disheartened the moonshiners and the deputy yesterday brought 100 of them, including 20 women. They were taken to jail at Charleston.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER TO STONE.

"A Phantom Light" He Calls Free Silver Coinage.

Jackson, Miss., May 4.—Governor Stone last evening gave to the Associated Press a letter addressed to him by President Cleveland, under date of April 26. The following is the full text of the letter:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, D. C., April 26, 1895.

Hon. J. M. Stone, Governor, etc.:

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 21st instant is at hand. I do not feel inclined to find fault with your criticism, but I think the matters you refer to should be judged in the light of the circumstances existing at the time the things were done. I never had an idea of building up or fostering a personal following, but so far as politics should properly influence me in making appointments, I have tried to be Democratic and not proscriptive. I am glad you are frank enough to admit your participation in bringing about a condition in office holding which may not be all that could now be desired. Whether those appointed to place shall in speech and action behave decently towards the administration under which they hold office must remain, to a large extent, a matter of taste and good breeding.

When I received your letter I had just finished reading a letter of yours, in which you explain to the citizens of Mississippi your views on the currency question. It seems to me you have in that letter contributed in the best possible style and in a most valuable way to the fund of argument in favor of sound money.

I have never ceased to wonder why the people of the South, furnishing so largely as they do products which are exported for gold, should be willing to submit to the disadvantages and loss of silver monometallism and to content themselves with a depreciated and fluctuating currency, while permitting others to reap a profit from the transmutation of the prices of their productions from silver to gold. I hope this letter of your's will be given the widest possible circulation, especially among your Southern fellow-citizens, and that they will be permitted to see the pitfall which is directly before them who madly rush towards the phantom tight of free, and limited and independent silver coinage.

If we, who profess feality to the Democratic party, are sincere in our devotion to its principles, and if we are right in believing that the ascendancy of those pinciples is a guarantee of personal liberty, universal care for the rights of all, non-sectional, American brotherhood, and manly trust in American citizenship in any part of our land, we should study the effects upon our party, and consequently upon our country of a committal of the national Democracy to this silver arbitration.

If we should be forced away from our traditional doctrine of sound and safe money, our old antagonists with take the field on the platform which we abandon; and neither the votes of reckless Democrats nor reckless Republicans will avail to stay the easy march to power. This is as plain as anything can possibly be.

It, therefore, becomes the duty of every Democrat, wherever he may be, to consider what such a victory would mean; and in the light of a proper conception of its results he should deliberately shape his course. Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE ROTHSCHILDS BOUGHT GOLD.

Receipts at the Denver Mint Have Fallen Off.

Denver, May 1.—The gold receipts at the Denver mint have fallen off heavily in the past month in spite of increased production. There has been no increase in receipts at other mints and assay offices to account for the discrepancy.

The mystery has been solved. The smelters have been selling their product to the agents of the Rothschilds and others interested in the recent bond sale, instead of placing it in the mint. The same agents have been purchasing the larger retorts sent up from the principal gold mines, thus keeping a considerable quantity over which blood-stained product out of the mint. These facts are vouched for by men who are in a position to know what is occurring in the inner circles.

The receipts at the mint during the past month have not exceeded one-half of the expected amount. The smelter people do their business through New York agents and no doubt obtain a slight advance over the mint price.

To them it is purely a business transaction, and they of course sell it in the best market.

INTERNATIONAL BI-METALLISM.

Its Necessity Illustrated by Two Shining Examples.

Cleveland, May 3.—Mr. L. E. Holden, editor of the Plain Dealer, returned yesterday from a three months' trip to Europe. Mr. Holden said he went to Europe to study the business and financial situation there. In the course of an interview touching on the prospect of international bimetallism he said:

"England is in great trouble to-day. She begins to see that she has pulled too many feathers out of the goose that laid the golden eggs. Her trade is slack and prices are low. The money question in India is far from being satisfactory either to the natives of India or the British subjects who have gone from England there.

"The French have maintained their prices and they have kept their manufactures going during all these seemingly hard times over the rest of the world, and the reason why they have been able to do it is because they refused to destroy one-half their money of final redemption, namely, the coined silver of the realm. It would be far wiser for us to join the French than to try to adopt the English system of finance.

MISSOURI SILVER DEMOCRATS.

Central Committee Asked to Repeat the Illinois Coup.

Jefferson City, Mo., May 3.—Something like 35 Democratic members of the House and Senate met in secret conference last night and adopted a resolution requesting the state central committee to call a convention not later than August 1 to consider the party policy on the financial question. It was a silver conference from first to last. Of the 39 Democratic senators six attended the meeting and the 25 of the 38 Democrats in the House present. Governor Stone made a speech in which he asserted that if he was chairman of the state central committee he would call a state convention to-morrow.

DECLARES FOR SILVER.

Kansas Democrats Wish It Coined at 16 to 1.

Abilene, Kas., May 4.—A conference of the Democratic central committee and leaders of the Fifth Congressional district was held here yesterday. After considerable discussion it was voted that the time has come to act, and we believe the American people can make and maintain the parity between gold and silver at 16 to 1 regardless of the attitude of other nations."

Tennessee Silverites to Convene.

Memphis, May 3.—The movement in opposition to the "sound money" convention, to be held in this city May 23, assumed definite shape yesterday when the Central Bimetallic League of Tennessee was organized. A silver convention, to be composed of delegates from the South and West, was called to meet at Memphis, June 11 and 12, and extensive plans were outlined for propagation in the direct line of free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.

Alabama Republicans Reunited.

Birmingham, May 3.—Wm. J. Stevens, chairman of the Stevens or colored faction of the Alabama Republicans, announces that his committee will disband and that the party will be united for the first time in six years. Stevens declares that the Republicans and Populists with their combined forces can control the state.

Rich Strike of Gold.

Leadville, Col., May 3.—The Modoc Gold Mining company has caught a fine body of gold in its Deer shaft. It shows three and one-half feet of ore, and assays as high as ten ounces to the ton. It also runs from 10 to 36 per cent lead to the ton.

A DOUBLE MURDER.

Justifiable Homicide is the Verdict of the Coroner.

Louisville, May 1.—At separate undertaking establishments in this city lie the bodies of perhaps two of the most prominent people in the state of Kentucky. One—that of Archie Brown, son and private secretary to Kentucky's chief executive, the other that of Mrs. Fulton Gordon, prominent because of her remarkable beauty and excellent family connections. The story is a sad one and has caused one of the greatest sensations this city or state has ever called upon to chronicle.

The following telegram found in Mr. Brown's pocket, no doubt, is the direct cause of the double murder:

Louisville, Ky., April 28, 1895.

"To Archie D. Brown, Governor's Private Secretary, Frankfort, Ky.:

"Don't write any more. Come Tuesday. Meet me at S, 10 a. m.

(Signed.) P. M. C.

Upon receipt of the above telegram Mr. Brown came to Louisville and proceeded to the appointed place, which is an evil resort, at 1055 Madison street, where at 12:25 Tuesday the tragedy occurred. At noon Brown and Gordon's wife knocked at the front door of Lucie B. Smith's Madison street house. They were admitted by a colored woman, and immediately repaired to the upstairs front room, which had been previously engaged. Thirty minutes later a rather tall, dark haired man knocked at the door of the house and was admitted.

He engaged the front lower room, saying a woman would join him shortly. The man closed all the doors and a few minutes later a commotion was heard above, followed by a succession of pistol shots. Then there was a hurried movement down stairs as Mrs. Gordon fled from the scene. A few more shots rang out and she fell dead on the porch in the rear yard. Gordon left the house immediately and a few moments later Brown's corpse was found in the upstairs room.

The policeman rushed down Walnut street and saw a man running for a buggy tied to a post at the corner of West street.

"The man was bloody," said Officer Reilly, "and I immediately jumped at the conclusion that he was the murderer. I ran and grabbed him as he was in the act of jumping into the buggy. He had already untied the horse when I arrived. Gordon, for such he turned out to be, said to me then: 'I shot both of them. I caught them in the act. They are both dead. I am shot too. Come with me and I'll show you where they are.'

"Gordon was as pale as a ghost, and was evidently very weak. Lapaille, myself and Gordon walked to Lucy Smith's house. Just as we got inside the front door Gordon staggered, and was about to fall when I caught him.

He was in a fainting condition, and some one dashed some water in his face. I also summoned the ambulance, and as soon as that arrived we sent Gordon to jail."

Never was there a more sanguinary battle than the one fought on the second floor of Lucy Smith's house. Gordon had little difficulty in getting into the room, as the fact that there are no broken locks indicates that the entryway was left unlatched. As soon as Gordon gained ingress a desperate duel evidently began. Brown had a 32-calibre revolver, which was found empty after the tragedy. Gordon must have had two pistols, as six bullets pierced Brown's body and three that of Mrs. Gordon. The blood with which Brown and Mrs. Gordon lay was covered with blood, showing that one or both had been shot while in that position, or in the struggle one or more of the wounded had fallen there. Gordon himself was covered with blood, most of which, doubtless, was the result of contact with his wounded antagonist. What part, if any, Mrs. Gordon took in the encounter her husband is in a position to say. Two bullets are imbedded in the door, several went through a window which faced the north; three are buried in the wall, and two in the ceiling. The walls are smeared with blood. The dingy carpet on the floor is saturated with gore, and the furniture was badly broken in the fray. Brown's body presented a horrible appearance, being covered with blood from head to foot. There was no clothing on the body except a pair of knit drawers and a black pair of socks. The undershirt had been removed, and the wounds were plainly visible.

There were three bullet wounds in the breast, one of them being over the region of the heart; there were two wounds in the head, one being in the center of the forehead, and there was another in the center of the stomach and another in the right arm. Clotted blood oozed from these wounds, presenting a sickening sight. The features were distorted.

Mrs. Gordon's body was found on the cellar door, face downward, clothed only in a chemise, and was in stocking feet. Her hair was loose, and was hanging about her head in a tangled mass. Her face was calm and gave no sign of a struggle. Her bosom was covered with blood and her skirt was bespattered with it. Her hands were tightly clinched, and her face was smeared with her blood.

Gordon is in jail, and no one is allowed to see him. He is unhurt, but suffering from nervous prostration. Gordon stated that he tried to kill himself after shooting his wife, but the cartridge failed to explode and his hand was nervous. On his way to jail Gordon stated to the officer that he had suspected the couple for some time, and about a week ago his suspicions were confirmed. Ever since he had kept a watch on his wife, and to-day, learning that she and Brown were at the house on Madison street, he went there and the tragedy followed.

At 8 o'clock last night the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide. Gordon's case will be heard this morning. Governor Brown, accompanied by Secretary of State Headly, arrived in the city from Frankfort at 5:30 o'clock, and is stopping at the Galt house. The governor is completely prostrated by the sad affair.

THE MORTON BOOM.

Chauncey Depew Declares for Levi for President.

Cleveland, May 2.—Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, was in the city yesterday attending the annual meetings of the Lake Shore and Nickel Plate roads. Asked if he would be here to attend the meeting of the Republican league clubs next month Mr. Depew said he was sorry to say that it would be impossible for him to attend that gathering or the National Municipal League meeting to be held in this city to both of which he has received invitations.

"What about national politics, Mr. Depew?" the reporter asked.

"Too early to discuss national politics; nothing has developed yet."

"Whom do you favor for the Presidency?"

"I am from New York state and we are for Governor Morton."

"Ohio, you know, is for Governor McKinley."

"Ohio ought to be for Governor McKinley. He is an able man."

How about ex-President Harrison's chances?"

"As I said before, it's altogether too early to discuss national politics."

"But aside from personalities and candidate's chances, what do you consider will be the issues of the campaign?"

"There will be but one issue. Hard times and good times. The Republicans want nothing better."

"What about the tariff and silver?"

"Oh, the tariff and the silver questions will no doubt enter into the campaign, but they will only be incidental issues."

RIGHT FROM BLUEFIELDS.

Consul Hatch's Estimate of Damages to Himself.

Philadelphia, May 2.—Dr. Robert N. Keeley, Jr., of this city, who recently returned from Bluefields, said last night that he is well acquainted with Pro-Consul Hatch, for whose expulsion from Nicaraguan territory Great Britain has demanded smart money to the amount of $75,000, the enforced payment of which has led to international complications. Dr. Keeley asserts that Hatch, before his trouble, was the keeper of a saloon called the "Cactus" in Bluefields, and that his expulsion could not have caused him more than $500 damage at the utmost,

IN MARBLE AND CLAY.

Exhibition of Sculpture by National Society.

New York, May 4.—The National Sculpture Society is giving the greatest exhibition of sculpture ever seen in this country in the Fine Arts building, in West Fifty-seventh st. The exhibition began to-day to last till May 23. About a year and a half ago a number of sculptors met in New York and agreed that the condition of

F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL.

the art of sculpture in the United States was deplorable, and that the time had arrived when efforts should be made to better it. Many artists not sculptors, and many citizens not artists, have been found who were in full sympathy with this movement. The National Sculpture Society is the result. The country is being dotted over with memorial buildings and statues on pedestals in most of which structures, the society says, a really lamentable lack of taste and knowledge exists. These, moreover, mostly soldier monuments, offer nothing or very little in the way of sculpture, other than effigies of soldiers in uniform, with or without horses, with or without flags, cannon and other military atributes. Otherwise, the chief demand for sculpture is in the way of portraiture. Sculpture somewhat less naturalistic and more purely sculpturesque, whether nude or draped, finds very little recognition. The aim of the society is to develop the ideal in sculpture.

The government, the state governments, the municipalities, all should be encouraged to order works of art, the society declares, but also their way of ordering them needs to be controlled. Private persons must be encouraged to demand works of plastic art in connection with their buildings, exterior, gardens, parks, etc., as memorials, or for pure aesthetic pleasure,

HERBERT ADAMS.

but they should also be wisely aided in making their choice.

The society is acting in unison with the Architectural League of New York in the matter of a proposal important public monument, and also with the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society in trying to raise the standard of our national coinage. In this connection it proposes to have an exhibition of original designs, carried out in plaster at a fixed scale, for a new dollar. Money has been contributed for prizes, and the competitive designs are to be shown at the exhibition.

The arrangements for the exhibition present an entrancing display. The hall of sculpture is laid out like a garden, with great masses of plants and flowers here and there through which gleam and shine the dazzling limbs of goddesses and the superb torsos of mythological heroes. The garden idea has been caught from the French who delight to show their sculptured works in atmosphere suggestive of the purest nature. Here is the executive council of the society: J. Q. A. Ward, president; Russell Sturgis, vice president; Richard W. Gilder, second vice president; L. Wyman Drummond, treasurer; F. Wellington

MERCURY TEASING EAGLE OF JUPITER.

(By Ruckstuhl.)

Ruckstuhl, secretary; Herbert Adams, William C. Brownell, Thomas Shields Clarke, William T. Evans, Paulding Farnham, Daniel C. French, William C. Hall, Thomas Hastings, R. M. Hunt, Augustus St. Gaudens, Olin L. Warner, John Williams.

THERE IS NO BEEF TRUST.

Armour Says There is Not, and Certainly He is in a Position to Know.

Chicago, May 2.—Philip D. Armour has denied emphatically the assertion that a trust in beef exists.

"It is perfectly astonishing," said Mr. Armour, "that this craze is so widespread and that there are so many believers that there is a beef trust. I say with all sincerity that Armour & Co. did not make any money in the beef business during the year 1894, and up to the present the year 1895 has proved equally bad. There never was a more senseless canard put afloat."

War Over Crocks.

Pittsburg, May 1.—The white granite and semi-porcelain ware manufacturers to the number of thirty are in conference here. When the Wilson bill went into effect the jobbers agreed to give the preference to American wares if the manufacturers would take their salesagents off the road. This was done, but the manufacturers claim the jobbers have broken faith. Now they have decided to sell their present stock at a sacrifice to gain control of the market again. They will put agents on the road at once and intend to undersell imported wares.

FOREIGN.

KNOWS HER BUSINESS.

Japan's Reply to European Powers Much Admired.

London, May 7.—A dispatch to the Times from Paris says that Japan has surprised the hopes of the friends of peace and even the conditions arranged by Russia, France and Germany. Like every power who knows its own mind, Japan is prompt in her resolutions, and does not seem to desire to prolong the controversy by the adoption of half measures.

A St. Petersburg dispatch to the Times says that Japan's reply to the powers, renouncing definite possession of the Liao-Tung peninsula, was received with surprise. Much attention is given to the words "definite possession." If they mean the temporary occupation of the peninsula until the indemnity shall have been paid, Japan's answer is not likely to end the matter. While averting war, it will be only the beginning of a diplomatic campaign.

Paris Editorial Comment.

Paris, May 7.—The press, generally speaking, is satisfied with the course Japan has adopted in regard to the remonstrance of the powers as to the terms of the treaty of peace with China. Naturally, however, there are a few dissenting voices. The Lanterne, for instance, says: "We shall be the dupes of Russia unless the agreement of the three powers also applies to a settlement of the Egyptian question, and Russia returns on the banks of the Nile, the services she has just received from us."

London Editorial Comment.

London, May 7.—In a leader this morning the Times says:

We welcome Japan's decision with satisfaction as removing a danger to the peace of the far East. Had Japan allowed herself to become implicated in a struggle with Russia, the peace of the world would have been jeopardized.

The Standard says: There is a feeling of relief throughout Europe. Japan's consent to forego her demands shows that the ministers of the Mikado are as prudent in counsel as his generals and admirals were bold and skillful in warfare.

Formosa in Turmoil.

Hong Kong, May 7.—Five thousand troops have started from Canton for the island of Formosa in order to suppress the anticipated opposition of the Black Flags to the occupation of that island by the Japanese according to the terms of the treaty of peace between China and Japan. Many of the troops are unreliable and liable to join the Black Flags.

Japan's Aditional Indemnity.

London, May 7.—The Times to-day says that it is reported in case of Japan's abandonment of Liao-Tung peninsula she will receive an additional indemnity of 10,000,000 ($50,000,000).

TO RATIFY THE TREATY.

The Meeting to Take Place at Che Foo Tuesday.

Yokoham, May 6.—Viceroy Li Hung Chang has been appointed Chinese envoy to exchange the ratifications of the peace treaty, which is exected to occur at Che Fo to-morrow instead of on Wednesday, as at first proposed. Frequent cabinet meetings which are attended by all the Japanese ministers are being held at Kioto.

Tien Tsin, May 6.—The Chinese peace envoys have left Taku for Che Foo, where the ratifications of the treaty of peace were arranged between China and Japan.

Yokohama, May 6.—Count Myogi, secretary general to the Japanese council of ministers, has arrived at Port Arthur, en route to Che Foo, where the ratifications of the treaty of peace are to be exchanged.

Official Washington Dispatches.

Washington, May 6.—An official cable gives decisive information that the emperor of China has ratified the treaty. The information is so positive as to be beyond question. It clears up many contradictory statements from unofficial sources as to whether the emperor had or had not ratified.

The ratification of the Chinese emperor brings China and Japan to a final accord, so that it remains only for Japan to settle with Russia and other protesting powers. It also makes certain that armistice, which runs until Wednesday, will not be followed by a Japanese advance on Pekin.

Officials say also that the gathering of foreign warships at Che Foo is less belligerent than would appear on the surface. It had been arranged that the diplomats of European countries should hold a conference at Che Foo, and the vessels are said to be a part of this gathering, although the strength of the Russian fleet shows she means to be prepared for emergencies.

Why China Was Whipped.

Washington, Pa., May 6.—"The Chinese government has but itself to blame for the loss of the war with Japan. Government officials high up in China were in the employ of Japan both before and during the war. The enemy in most cases anticipated all our movements."

Such was the startling announcement made by Capt. P. Norton McGiffin, who has just returned to his home here from a ten year service in the Chinese navy. He was commander of the Chen Yuen, the famous ironclad, during the late unpleasantness between China and Japan.

CORINTO EVACUATED.

The British Flag Hauled Down Sunday Morning.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Associated Press.)

Managua, Nicaragua, May 6.—The Nicaraguan government having, through the Salvadorean minister at London, accepted the modified ultimatum of the British government, the dispute between the two countries is practically at an end. As stated exclusively in the Associated Press dispatches Saturday, orders were cabled from London to Rear Admiral Stephenson, commanding the British squadron at Corinto, directing him to evacuate the port on Sunday.

Shortly after the flag deroling that religious services were in progress on board the warships, was hauled down, the marines who had been drawn up in front of the custom house were ordered to return to their ships. A few minutes later the British flag was hauled down from the government building, and soon the soil of Nicaragua was rid of the British invaders, and the long strokes of the sailors were sweeping heavy boats to the warships lying in the harbor. Hundreds of persons assembled along the shore to see the embarkation of the marines, and a cheer went up as the noses of the boats headed harborward.

It was expected that the flagship would depart with the other two vessels of the fleet, but only the Wild Swan and the Satellite got under way, and with the red ensign of Britain snapping in the breeze stood out to sea. The flagship Royal Arthur paid out her table again, and this fact was believed to confirm a report that she would salute the Nicaraguan flag when the government repossessed itself of the port.

THE MOSQUITO RESERVATION.

England Has Another Rod in Pickle for Nicaragua.

Washington, May 3.—The Nicaraguan government has recently done away with the Mosquito reservation, which has been the cause of the recent trouble, and has incorporated it as a state of Nicaragua, with the name of Department of Zelaya," named after the President of the republic. This action has been officially communicated to the State department. The significance of the movement has attracted little public attention, but it is stated by officials that it involves greater considerations than the armed occupation of Corinto. Now that the latter crisis is past, officials are turning their attention to what Great Britain will do toward Nicaragua's course in creating the new state, and thus indirectly terminating all British authority or influence in the old Mosquito country.

Earl Kimberly has already given notice to Nicaragua that the new question will receive the "kindly consideration" of Her Majesty's government after the three demands of the ultimatum are settled.

The importance of the creation of the new state arises from the political struggles since 1860, over the Mosquito country. In that year England and Nicaragua made a treaty by which Nicaragua was given sovereignty over the Mosquito territory, but the latter retained the right of self government.

The contention as to who governed the country continued until last year, when Nicaragua took forcible possession and expelled British Consul Hatch, who was accused of encouraging a rebellion against the Nicaraguan control of the territory. This expulsion of Hatch and other British subjects, has been the cause of the trouble just settled. But while the settlement has been pending, Nicaragua has permanently intrenched herself in the disputed territory, and has established a complete internal system of government. It is an execution of the plan against which the British consul was accused of inciting rebellion, and for this reason, there is much aprehension as to whether Great Britain will assent to the obliteration of the Mosquito country, which is the seat of all the British influence in Nicaragua.

CENTRAL AMERICAN ALLIANCE

Suggested to Zelaya by Several Neighboring States.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Associated Press.)

Managua, Nicaragua, May 6.—The action of Salvador in guaranteeing the payment of the indemnity, as, in fact, her course throughout the whole dispute, is very favorably commented upon in official circles, and it is believed that an entente will be established that will lead to results beneficial to both countries. It would not be at all surprising if this trouble with Great Britain should result in the formation of an alliance between the Central American states for defensive purposes. There is no denying the fact that the attitude of Great Britain in her treatment of Nicaragua and in her dealings with other small powers has caused an awakening among the Central American republics to the danger to which they are exposed from British aggression. There is a strong belief that Great Britain will never submit any question that may arise between herself and the Central American states to arbitration, but will herself sit in judgment on the question and then proceed by force of arms to enforce her own decree.

The governments of all the Central American states and those of several of the South American countries have telegraphed to President Zelaya suggesting the formation of a commercial union against the productions of Great Britain and also against the transportation of Central and South American products in British bottoms. If such a union could be definitely arranged and the terms be put into force quite a severe blow would be dealt to British trade, and eventually the British government would find that its treatment of Nicaragua had cost it a sum of money far in excess of the smart money she demanded from Nicaragua.

BRITISH IN HAWAII.

Have Promised the Natives to Restore the Crown.

Honolulu, April 29, via steamer Gaelic and San Francisco, May 7.—Evidence is at hand that shows that British influence is at work in Honolulu. The natives are in a state of expectancy and word has been passed quietly among them that within a short time restoration would be effected. In that event Kaiulani is to be made queen. Bishop Willis, the head of the English church in this country, is said to be the man who is going among the natives with the information. British Consul Haws is also mentioned in this connection.

New hope on the part of the natives has given the annexation movement a set-back. The government has received no news from Secretary Gresham about Minister Thurston's alleged recall.

Rumors of an impending revolution are still rife and the stories are of so definite a nature that some alarm is felt in government circles. Information comes from the island of Hawaii to the effect that the residents are contemplating secession from the group, claiming as a reason for the step that they do not receive their share of money for public improvements.

Encourage European Immigration.

The Hawaiian government is now putting into effect measures to equalize, perhaps change altogether the immigration stream. A limited number of Chinese field laborers are to be brought in under restrictions by authority of the act of 1892. For the present the board of immigration will refuse all applications for further importations of Japanese contract laborers. It is the intention of the government and the planters to encourage by every means immigration from Europe.

Negotiations are now under way for more Portuguese. In this regard matters may shape themselves in a manner that may detain Mr. Thurston in this country. It is said that a new immigration bureau is to be created, and if so, he will be offered the chairmanship.

President Dole celebrated his 51st birthday on the 23d instant. During the day a petition was circulated praying that amnesty be granted the political prisoners. By 5 o'clock in the afternoon about 500 names had been affixed to the petition. An hour later the document was presented to the president, who replied he would submit it to the council for action.

Protection to Naturalized Citizens.

Minister Hatch has received a communication from Secretary Gresham, through United States Minister Willis in regard to naturalized Hawaiians applying for the protection of the United States. The communication deals entirely with the case of J. F. Bowler, who called on the United States to interfere in his behalf. Bowler was convicted on a charge of misprision of treason in connection with the recent rebellion. Mr. Gresham states the United States government cannot interfere, and giving reasons, calls attention to the fact that Bowler has taken the oath of allegiance required for becoming a naturalized citizen of Hawaii. No reference is made to the other prisoners coming under possible American jurisdiction. Secretary Gresham's letter will be made public at a meeting of the council to be held this week.

ROYAL HEADS IN DANGER.

King Humbert and His Queen Narrowly Escape Death.

Rome, May 7.—King Humbert and Queen Margaret had a narrow escape from death to-day. They were on their way by rail in a special train from Florence to this city, attended by their suites. Suddenly near Incisa Lake, there was a violent shock, one of the carriages was derailed, and everybody on board the train received more or less serious concussions.

An obstruction of some description, it appears, either fell across the track or was placed there by evil-minded persons. Several members of the royal suite sustained slight injuries, but the king and queen escaped with nothing more serious than a bad shaking up.

SHOWING SIGNS OF ACTIVITY.

Volcano of Jorullo Likely to Make Trouble.

Guadalajara, Mex., May 1.—It is reported that the volcano of Jorullo, in the state of Michoacan, is showing unusual signs of activity, probably caused by the outbreak of the Colima volcano. Should Jorullo come into play again the aspect of affairs along the west coast country would be serious. The first outbreak in 1875 resulted in an appalling loss of life.

A REBEL VICTORY.

Cuban Insurgents Capture Two Ports in Santiago.

Tampa, Fla., May 6.—Passengers by the steamer Mascotte bring reports that the fort of San Reman De Las Aguas, in which were two hundred and sixty men, and La Colonia Militar, with the same number of inmates, in Santiago province, were both captured last week by 1,750 insurgents, under Maceo.

Captain Malla, in charge of a detachment, was captured and taken to Havana. It is thought he will be shot, as was Gallego. There is much dissatisfaction among Spanish officers over Gallego's execution.

Madrid, May 6.—Captain General Martinez De Campos telegraphs that the end of the revolution is near and certain.

General Calleja, formerly captain general of Cuba, has arrived here from Havana. In an interview he stated that he was aware that the beginning of the rising in Cuba, but he was powerless to prevent the rising, owing to want of organized troops and the scarcity of war material. General Calleja added that he believed Marshal Campos, his successor, would speedily pacify the island.

TORTURED BY TURKS.

Armenian Survivors Shamefully Maltreated.

London, May 7.—The Daily News today publishes advices received from its correspondent at Kars, saying that 800 of the survivors of the recent massacre in Armenia, who returned to their homes under promise of protection from the Turks, are being daily persecuted and tortured at the hands of the Turkish officials, supported by gendarmes.

For two months, it is added, the officials have tried to force the refugees to sign an address of thanks to the Sultan, stating that they have met with only kindness at the hands of the troops, and that the troubles were caused by the Kurdish raiders, and that the Sultan's troops took no part in the slaughter.

Those refusing to sign the address are beaten, placed in chains and are suspended for hours by their feet. Women were outraged, children were shamefully treated, and the soldiers dragged women and girls forward and forced them to sign the address.

REBELLIOUS FORMOSA.

Its People Will Not Stand Its Cession to Japan.

London, May 6.—A Hong Kong dispatch to the Times states that the governor of Formosa says its cession to the Japanese will produce a rebellion. He declares that he has lost all control of the soldiers, and foreigners must save themselves. The leader of the Black Flags has appealed to his men to carry out his original orders, to prevent the Japanese from landing on the island. Placards written by the literati have been posted in conspicuous places and circulated among the people, calling upon them to resist the Japanese, and saying that if the island is to be ceded to any nation, they prefer that it should be given to Great Britain.

THE CUBAN REBELLION.

Republic Formed at Patenque a Week Ago.

Tampa, Fla., May 3.—Passengers arriving on the Plant steamship last night confirm the account of the Cuban victory. They assert that Gen. Gomez with the forces of Pique Perz and Gen. Maceo, numbering 2,500 infantry and 300 cavalry, attempted to invade the province of Camaguay. While on their march Gen. Salcedo hastened with 3,500 troops to intercept and prevent the Cuban invasion. They met at Jaraguetta, the Cubans surprising the Spaniards who entrenched themselves and made a stubborn resistance. During the conflict 240 Cubans were killed and wounded, while the Spanish loss was between 450 and 500 killed and 200 captured. The Cubans then proceeded or their march to Camaguaya. This occurred on April 23.

The passengers positively assert that the Cuban republic was formed at Patenque about a week ago. Tomas Estrada Palma is said to have been named as president, Jose Marti as foreign minister and secretary, and Maximo Gomez as general in command of the entire army.

Tomas Palma is now in New York. He was the last president of the Cuban republic and made prisoner while such. A vice president has probably been appointed who will act for him until he can make his way to the island.

CUBANS WERE VICTORIOUS.

Passengers on a Gulf Steamer Tell of Monday's Battle.

Jacksonville, Fla., May 2.—Passengers on the steamer Olivette, from Havana last night give an account of a battle near Bayamo, on Monday, between Maceo's two Gomez, in command of 2,000 men, and 3,000 Spanish troops, commanded by Gen. Salcedo. The Spaniards, the passengers say, were repulsed with heavy losses, while the Cuban loss was very small.

Cuban Insurgent Leader Killed.

Havana, May 3.—The government troops of Col. Sandoval have had an engagement in Isabelita with a rebel band. The insurgent leader, Pedro Maidal, was killed. This is the third victory Col. Sandoval has achieved over the rebels within a very short time.

MAY DAY ABROAD.

Quiet Reigned Everywhere Except at Liege.

Liege, May 2.—This city was yesterday the scene of a disorderly demonstration in connection with the May day celebration. Ten of the participants in the disorder were arrested. One of the prisoners struck and knocked down a policeman. The latter sprang to his feet and cut his assailant down with his sword.

London, May 2.—There were few noteworthy May day feautres here yesterday. There was the usual cart horse parade. Otherwise London wore its normal aspect.

Paris, May 2.—The stores were open here yesterday, May day, and traffic

WASHINGTON.

BIRDS ON THE FARM.

Ornithological Facts Upset Many Old Notions.

Washington, May 3.—Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the division of ornithology of the Agricultural Department, has been for several years engaged in examining and analyzing the contents of stomachs of hawks, owls, crows, blackbirds, meadow larks and other birds of North America which are supposed to be strikingly beneficial or injurious to the crops of farmers. The stomachs of over 7,000 birds, taken at different seasons of the year, have been already analyzed and the contents determined while some 12,000 are still unexamined.

The results in some cases have been remarkable, showing in several notable instances that popular ideas regarding the injurious effects of certain birds were wholly mistaken, and that they have been the victims of an unjust prosecution. This has been found to be especially the case with hawks and owls, for the slaughter of which many states give bounties. Pennsylvania in two years has given over $100,000 in hawk and owl bounties. Examinations of the stomachs of these birds prove conclusively that 95 per cent. of their food was field mice, grasshoppers, crickets, etc., which were infinitely more injurious to farm crops than they. It was found that only five kinds of hawks and owls ever touched poultry and then only to a very limited extent.

A bulletin now about going to the press on the crow also shows that bird not so black as he has been painted by the farmers. The charges against the crow were that he ate corn and destroyed the eggs and poultry and wild birds. Examinations of their stomachs showed that they eat noxious insects and other animals, and that although 25 per cent. of their food is corn it is mostly waste corn picked up in the fall and winter. With regard to eggs it was found that the shells were eaten to a very limited extent for the time. They eat ants, beetles, caterpillars, bugs, flies, etc., which do much damage.

Bulletins are also being prepared on the cuckoo and other black birds, king birds, meadow larks, cedar birds, thrushes, catbirds, sparrows, etc. In many cases popular ideas are found to be untrue. In the case of the king bird, killed by the farmer under the impression that it eats bees, it was found that he ate only drones and robber flies which themselves feed on bees and which destroy more bees in a day than the king bird does in a year. The cuckoos are also found to be very useful birds in this country. He is not depraved like his European namesake, but a very decent fellow who does much good in the destruction of insects.

MRS. SARTORIS WILL MARRY.

Report to That Effect Believed by Her Friends in Washington.

Washington, May 3.—The report from Chicago that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris was to be married shortly to Gen. Henry Ryd Douglass, of Maryland, is generally credited here by those in a position to know. Mrs Sartoris herself, who is here, declined to say anything this morning on the subject.

A similar report gained currency over a year ago, but at that time was denied. Since then, however, General Douglass, who lives on Hagerstown, Md., and is adjutant general of the state, has been paying Mrs. Sartoris devoted attention. They are frequently seen together, and at all of the social functions of Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris last winter General Douglass was an honored guest.

General Douglass belongs to an excellent Southern family. He was a member of the Maryland Confederate regiment during the war, and is a handsome man of perhaps 55.

As a result of the reconciliation between Mrs. Sartoris and her father-in-law shortly before the latter's death, it is said that provision was made in Mr. Sartoris' will for $25,000 annuity to Mrs. Sartoris, the annuity to go to her children, Algernon, Vivian and another daughter in case the widow took up her permanent residence in the United States or married again.

NOT MET EXPECTATIONS.

Treasury Receipts for the Month Just Ended.

Washington, May 1.—The treasury receipts during the month ended Tuesday have not met the expectations of the officials, and the indications now are that the deficit at the end of the fiscal year will be little, if any, less than $45,000,000. Yesterday's receipts amounted to only $368,291, of which $164,762 was from customs, $144,241 from internal revenue, and $37,158 from miscellaneous sources. The receipts for the month of April amount to $24,247,836, and the expenditures to $32,952,690, leaving a deficit for the month of $8,704,854 (cents omitted), and for the fiscal year to date $45,247,006.

The receipts from internal revenue show a falling off for April, as compared with the same month in 1894, of more than $700,000, and a falling off for the ten months of the fiscal year of about $2,000,000. During the remaining two months of the fiscal year there will be no extraordinary expenditures. Then pension payments will amount to about $22,000,000, and $1,250,000 will be paid on interest account. The net result of the year is not expected to differ very materially from to-day's figures, and yet in making this estimate a considerable revenue from income tax is anticipated.

BEER IN ALASKA.

Starting a Brewery There to Manufacture "Medicine."

Washington, May 2.—For some time the Interior department has been carrying on a complicated correspondence in regard to the licensing of the manufacture of beer in Alaska. Two persons of Sitka, Miss Pauline Cohen and R. Witz have complied with all the internal revenue regulations for such work, and would have had their breweries in operation before now, but for the refusal of Governor Sheakley to issue the necessary permits. The last letter in the correspondence shows his reasons for this refusal, the matter resting entirely in his discretion. He says: "The secretary order concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors in Alaska for medical, mechanical and scientific purposes, is of such a restrictive character as to render its operation almost impracticable. To license a brewery to manufacture beer for these purposes in the village of Sitka, a town of less than 200 inhabitants, where the beer can only be sold on prescription of a regular practicing physician, would be absurd."

In spite of the governor's argument, Witz and Miss Cohen still desire to start their breweries and have applied to the secretary of the Interior. No action in the matter has yet been made by the latter.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

If Canned Meat Kills It Kills, Doesn't It?

Washington, May 2.—The Department of Agriculture has received no official confirmation of the report from Paris yesterday that 17 soldiers at Vitre died from eating American tinned meat. Dr. Salmon said that the cause of poisoning from eating canned goods was not well understood. It did not necessarily follow that the meat was diseased. Some chemical change due to the presence of solder and and tin sometimes took place which produced the poisonous effects. A report will probably be received in due time from the United States consul general.

CHINESE CERTIFICATE FRAUDS.

What the Special Treasury Agents Report About It.

Washington, May 1.—Special Treasury Agents Johnston and Beane report that there has been for several years past an organized money-making conspiracy with a view to manufacturing certificates upon which Chinese laborers may be enabled to return to visit China and return to the United States as bonafide merchants. In a majority of cases the so-called "merchants" were found to be cooks and gardeners employed in or near Boise City. Nevertheless a large number of prominent citizens have vouched for the Chinamen as merchants.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE SUPREME COURT.

Justice Jackson Sitting With His Associates.

Washington, May 6.—There was a full bench in the Supreme court of the United States to-day for the first time since Justice Jackson left for the South last fall. Justice Jackson appeared with the other members of the court as the clock sounded the hour of noon and took his seat at the extreme right of the chief justice. Beyond the fact that he looked somewhat pale and coughed occasionally, he did not show any signs of the long illness which has caused his absence for the past six months. The occasion of the appearance of the full bench and of the large audience was the order of the court for a rehearing in the income tax cases.

This hearing was, however, necessarily postponed, while the court announced opinions on several other cases. These preliminaries having been disposed of, Mr. W. D. Guthrie, one of the attorneys for the appellants, Messrs. Hyde and Pollock, in the income tax cases, was recognized by the court to begin his argument for a reconsideration of these cases at 12:50 o'clock p. m.

Mr. Guthrie began by saying that counsel for the appellants in the cases had been subjected to considerable criticism for their motion for a rehearing, but they had felt justified, in the realization of the fact that there were many points still undecided in the definite and final adjudication of which the country was vitally interested, and he assured all concerned that the counsel for the appellants in the present case would approach it in a spirit of the highest patriotism, and with no desire for mere self aggrandizement. He said that the question involved was a constitutional one, and added: "The constitution is the political creed and conscience of the nation, which must control and rule our destiny, and in so far as this court shall preserve intact, according to its letter and its spirit, or permit the darkness of error to affront its light, so will our future be progress or decline, happiness or misery, glory or shame."

THE DEBT STATEMENT

Shows a Deficit for the Fiscal Year of $45,299,369.

Washington, May 2.—The monthly public debt statement issued by the treasury department yesterday shows the debt of the United States less cash in the treasury to be $917,839,903, an increase for the month of $9,109,857.

The cash balance in the treasury to-day is $189,857,916, a decrease during the last month of $7,098,545.

The treasury statement of receipts and expenditures during the month shows receipts as follows: Customs, $12,758,086, as against $10,176,691 for the month of April, 1894; internal revenue, $10,648,980, as against $11,333,114 for April, 1894. Miscellaneous, $1,145,869, which does not differ materially from the figures for April, 1894. The total receipts for the month were $24,247,836, an increase of $1,555,472. The disbursements for the month amounted to $32,990,676, leaving a deficit for the month of $8,742,840, and for the fiscal year to date of $45,299,369.

A GRUESOME TOPIC,

But It May Interest Statistic Fiends.

Washington, May 2.—A tabulated statement has been published by the Marine Hospital bureau, giving the number of deaths from smallpox which occurred in each state and territory of the union during the year 1894 as well as the number of cases. The deaths were as follows: Arizona, 1; Arkansas, 24; California, 2; Connecticut, 17; District of Columbia, 6; Illinois 877, Indiana, 10; Kansas, 7; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 1; Maine 1; Massachusetts, 23; Michigan, 91; Minnesota, 4; Missouri, 2; New Jersey, 12; New York, 337; Ohio, 3; Pennsylvania, 34; Rhode Island, 3; Tennessee, 1, Wisconsin, 273.

JONES, OF ARKANSAS,

Foretells What the Party Platforms Will be in 1896.

Washington, May 2.—Senator Jones, of Arkansas, one of the members on the part of the Senate of the United States delegation to the proposed international monetary conference, has returned to Washington. He says that he knows of no progress making towards the holding of such a conference, and in an interview expressed the opinion that the next Democratic national platform would declare unequivocally for free coinage of silver independent of action by other nations, and that the Republican platform would declare in favor of bi-metallism and an international agreement.

Cigarettes by the Mile.

Washington, May 2.—There was a contest before Commissioner Seymour yesterday as to the ownership of a patent for cigarette-making machine that is warranted to make five miles of cigarettes per day. The tobacco is spun out in an endless rope and fitted into an endless roll of paper and is then cut into the proper lengths.

Improved Canceling Ink.

Washington, May 2.—The Postoffice Department has recently received a number of letters from persons who believe they invented improved canceling inks. Some of these fluids, the inventors claim, are indelible while others will extract the color from the stamps on which they may be used. The object is, of course, to prevent a second use of the stamps.

Coinage During April.

Washington, May 2.—Reports to the bureau of the mint show coinage during the month of April as follows: Gold, $4,639,300; silver, 595,003; minor coins, $129,772. Total, $5,364,072.

Of the silver coinage $200,000 was in standard dollars. In addition to the above there was coined for Ecuador $89,000 in silver 20 cent pieces.

CLOUD BURST IN KANSAS.

One Fatality Accompanied the Storm at Herrington.

Herrington, Kas., May 6.—Herrington was visited by a cloudburst last night. The town and surrounding country was flooded. Lime creek, which has been dry for a year, was converted into a raging torrent, and houses, horses, cattle and hogs were swept away down stream. The house of Samuel McManus was carried away and wrecked by striking a bridge. McManus escaped, but Mrs. McManus was drowned.

JOHN BROWN, JR., DEAD.

Son of the Famous Hero Expired at Put-in Bay Last Night.

Sandusky, O., May 3.—Captain John Brown, jr., died at his home on the island of Put-in Bay at 10 o'clock last night. Captain Brown was 74 years old, and the son of John Brown, the hero and victim of the historical scene at Harper's Ferry before the civil war.

Capt. Brown was a fruit raiser on the island, and spent his old age very quietly. He was highly respected by his neighbors on the island.

Up Goes the Price of Shoes.

Brockton, Mass., May 7.—Brockton manufacturers have decided almost unanimously to increase the prices of shoes from 15 to 20 cents a pair. The manufacturers say that the increase means no extra profit to them, but that it is made necessary by the advance in the price of leather.

Selling Iron to England.

Birmingham, Ala., May 6.—The Sloss Iron and Steel company sold to parties in Liverpool, England, 100 tons of pig iron. The order is only an initial one, and others are to follow soon. Shipment is to be made at once.

MORRILL ARRESTED.

The Governor of Kansas in Financial Trouble.

Topeka, Kas., May 7.—S. W. Chase, warden of the penitentiary, yesterday swore out a warrant for the arrest of Governor E. N. Morrill, charging him with obtaining money under false pretenses.

Mr. Chase charges that from December 15, 1894, to January 14, the date of his inauguration, Governor Morrill maintained a suite of private rooms and kept three clerks busy sorting over the applications of office seekers and answering private correspondence, and that after he became governor he

GOVERNOR E. N. MORRILL.

signed vouchers for these expenses, and paid them out of the executive contingent fund. These vouchers, which are on file in the office of the state auditor, are as follows:

J. L. Bristow, secretary, salary for the month ending Jan. 14 and commencing Dec. 15	$16
Miss Kate Adams, clerk	60
Charles Hull, stenographer	83
Office rent, telegraph and office supplies	65

These vouchers were paid March 7, and were audited without question by Wiley Cook, assistant auditor, in the absence of his chief.

Will Push the Case.

The April salaries of the three clerks have been withheld to replace the amount so drawn, but that does not remove the cause of complaint, and Warden Chase and his attorneys say they will push the matter. Governor Morrill went to his home at Hiawatha Saturday, and is not here. He is expected to reach Topeka to-day, when he will be arrested.

The arrest of Governor Morrill is considered spite work on the part of Warden Chase, who is under investigation now, and who may be convicted when the legislative committee convenes again next week. The warrant was sworn out before County Attorney Safford, of this Shawnee county, who is a Republican. Friends of the governor say Safford will throw the case out of court. They hold that the governor has a right to use his contingent fund for any purpose he may choose, and that no action can be maintained against him for using it to pay the clerks. Mr. Chase insists that, although the money has been reimbursed, the governor exceeded his authority, and will be punished for obtaining state money under false pretenses.

CORNERING THE GOLD.

Rumor That Belmont-Morgan Syndicate is at It.

Denver, Colo., May 7.—A special to the Rocky Mountain News from Washington says that the Treasury authorities admit that the receipts of gold at the mints have sensibly diminished ever since contract for the purchase of gold bonds was awarded to the Belmont-Morgan syndicate, and adds: "Another feature of this affair lies in the fact that the production of gold in the United States has lately increased to such an extent as to make it an object for the foreign syndicate to corner or control the gold market, and it is clear that from the high price they obtain on the sales of the bonds abroad, they can afford to pay a premium rate for gold bullion over and above the rate fixed at the mints."

The rumor that a syndicate is buying up gold in Colorado is denied by smelter men. "The report is erroneous," said ex-Gov. Grant, of the Omaha & Grant smelter. "We are shipping our bullion to New York and have been doing so for a month or more, as we get 65 cents per 1,000 premium on gold bars in the New York market."

MRS. STANFORD DEMURS.

Says the Claim of the Government Does Not Constitute a Debt.

San Francisco, May 7.—Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has filed in the United States court a demurrer to the suit brought by the government against the Stanford estate to recover $15,000,000 advanced by the United States for the construction of the Central Pacific railroad. The demurrer sets forth that the only obligation or liability ever created by the government in favor of the United States against the Central Pacific roads was on the bonds guaranteed by the government, which, it is claimed, do not constitute a debt against either of the companies or a right to demand payment from them because of the bonds falling of redemption. The demurrer continues that the only relief open to the government is the confiscation of corporation.

AFTER THE GAMBLERS.

Milwaukee Ministers Have Declared War Upon the Evil.

Milwaukee, May 6.—From more than a score of local pulpits volleys were last night fired at "the gambling evil in Milwaukee." The oratorical symposium was the result of several months of quiet, but effective work upon the part of the Milwaukee ministers' association. Detectives in the employ of the association gathered evidence showing the existence of public gambling in Milwaukee. The ministers laid this before Mayor Koch and Chief of Police Janssen, and when these officials declined to act, they decided to bring the matter before the people.

The ministers charge that the gamblers have the protection of the police, and that the policemen have acted as guides to gambling houses, receiving tips therefore.

A. P. A. NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Means to Capture One of the Great Parties.

Milwaukee, May 6.—Delegates to the National convention of the American Protective association, which will be held in Milwaukee this week, are already beginning to arrive in the city. A supreme officer of the order said last night that the time had come when the A. P. A. would openly enter itself politically, and that one of the other of the great parties must adopt the principles it is fighting for, or that the American party would be in the field with a Presidential candidate next year.

A medal which cost $1,000 will be presented to Henry P. Bowers, founder of the order, Wednesday.

FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Protestants Appeal to Cardinal Gibbons.

Chicago, May 7.—A committee appointed by the Methodist ministers last April to bring to the notice of the people the condition of Protestants in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, which it is claimed they are not permitted the same liberty of conscience that is granted to Roman Catholics in these countries made its report yesterday. The committee recommended that the matter be brought to the notice of Cardinal Gibbons, and the cardinal will be requested to lay the matter before the pope.

School Muddle Compromised.

Winnipeg, Man., May 7.—It is reported that a compromise on the Manitoba school question may be effected before the meeting of the legislature on Thursday. Premier Greenway had a conference this morning with Lieutenant Governor Schultz on the matter. It lasted over three hours.

A NEW MAN.

Geo. S. Scally, of 75 Nassau St., New York, says: "For years I have been troubled with rheumatism and dyspepsia and I came to the conclusion to try your pills. I immediately found great relief from their use. I feel like a new man since I commenced taking them, and would not now be without them. The drowsy, sleepy feeling I used to have has entirely disappeared. The dyspepsia has left me, and my rheumatism is gone entirely. I am satisfied if any one so afflicted will give Radway's Pills a trial they will surely cure them. for I believe it all comes from the system being out of order—the liver not doing its work."

"July 26, 1895."

Radway's Pills

cure all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Dizziness, Costiveness, Piles, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, and all Disorders of the Liver. 25c per box. At Druggists or by mail.

MARY LEASE A HYPNOTIST.

Kansas Politician in a Bright, New Role.

Topeka, May 7.—Mrs. Mary E. Lease, orator and politician, has asumed a new role. She is a hypnotist and a first class one at that, as shown by an exhibition given by her here yesterday during a petty investigation now proceeding against certain officers of the state insane asylum.

During the proceedings, Mrs. Lease, without announcing her purpose, walked across the committee room to where J. L. Flint, an attendant at the asylum, was sitting and remarked, with a pass of her hand before his eyes, "Mr. Flint, you look weary. Your testimony of yesterday must have been trying on you."

Mr. Flint attempted to disclaim any such weariness, but Mrs. Lease made another pass of her hands and Flint went "dead asleep."

"Mr. Flint," said Mrs. Lease, "did you read the report of your testimony in the Capital?"

"No," said Mr. Flint, "I did not."

"Well, you did not testify to any such things as the Capital said you did, did you?" (Handing him a piece of writing paper containing only a list of names).

"No, that's all wrong. I did not testify to anything of that kind. The Capital has got it all mixed up."

"See," said Mrs. Lease, "how stiff your arm is getting."

Flint's arm drew up and got as rigid as a tent pole.

"And your limbs, too," said the Wichitaite, and straightway one of his legs was stiffer than it ought to be.

For ten or fifteen minutes Mrs. Lease played with her subject, to the vast entertainment of the spectators, and finally brought him out of his trance. Then she laughingly declared the performance over with for the day.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Protest Against the Proposed Dedication at Chicago.

Boston, May 3.—Department Commander Joseph A. Thayer, of the G. A. R. of Massachusetts, to-day sent out the following letter to all the Grand Army posts in the state:

"What seems to me to be a most extraordinary proceeding in this great nation of ours is advertised to take place at Chicago on Memorial day of this year whereon a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead is to be dedicated! It was an outrage to every true Union man that the monument was ever erected, but now insult is added to injury by the selection of our Grand Army Sabbath on which to consecrate a shaft set up to commemorate the deeds of men who did all in their power to destroy the government we fought to save and this North of Mason and Dixon's line.

"Comrades, the blood of our martyred Lincoln, of our noble Grant and of all the men who struggled in freedom's cause cries out in protest against this blasphemy."

Worcester, Mass., May 2.—Post 10, G. A. R., at its regular meeting this evening, appointed a committee to draft resolutions condemning the proposed dedication of the Confederate soldiers monument at Chicago Memorial day.

GEN. UNDERWOOD REPLIES

To Commissioner Thayer's Attack on the Chicago Monument.

Chicago, May 4.—Gen. John C. Underwood, commanding the Confederate veterans of Chicago, said yesterday regarding the pronunciamento of Commander Thayer, of Massachusetts: "I determined to have the monument dedicated on Decoration day, because, the day being a holiday, all the ex-confederates in Chicago could easily attend; and, besides, beginning with the initial action of Colonel Kotch in 1876 G. A. R. posts have very generally decorated the graves of the dead Confederates in Oakwood cemetery, where the monument is to stand, and the handful of Southern veterans living in Chicago have invariably returned such courtesy by decorating the graves of the Union soldiers in the same cemetery.

"I am one who believes there are graves enough on either side, who feels certain that the Southern people are honest in their profession of loyalty to the Union, and that when the nation shall need a quick soldiery to defend its honor the South may be relied on the volunteer without conditions and in time for effective duty under the 'old flag.'"

THE WAR IS OVER.

Half-Breed Uprising in Dakota Squelched.

Rolla, N. D., May 6.—The half breed rising has been squelched, and without loss of life. Marshals came here Saturday night from St. John, in consequence of information received that an attempt might be made to rescue Las Pelle Langan, who was arrested Saturday noon. Pickets were left on duty all night, but no attempt was made.

Marshal Cronan decided Sunday that further effort at inducing a peaceful surrender was misplaced, and determined if they would not surrender their fort at Langans to storm it. A posse drove to the Breed fort. Marshal Cronan and Indian Agent Hall, leaving their rifles behind, walked up to the fort, the deputies keeping a sharp lookout for any hostile movement. The Breeds refused to talk with Cronan, but told Hall they wanted still further time to hear from Washington. Cronan told them to make up their minds quick, as he meant to attack them at once. Cronan was ready to begin, when the Breeds sent Chaseur Le Potreau, who was chief in the raid on St. John's hardware store, Thursday night, when they stole all the guns and ammunition. Le Potreau wanted to hear from Washington, but was told it was too late. Marshal Cronan told him he must surrender absolutely and give up all arms and ammunition, and he should arrest all he wanted. If he did not like these terms, the marshals had come there to fight and were ready.

Soon after 11 o'clock the Breeds surrendered unconditionally, though it was nearly 2 o'clock before the prisoners were loaded in wagons. Only those for whom warrants were already out were taken to town. They are: Red Thunder, Joe Langan, Joe Demarais, Chaseur Le Potreau, Francois Langan, Le Roque and Daniel Short. Red Thunder made a desperate resistance when arrested, attacking Deputy Daggett with his knife. It took three men to handcuff him. He is 87 years old, but almost crazy, and possessing demoniacal strength. When returning to the agency after the surrender, Agent Hall met a band of 150 Breeds and Indians on the way to St. John to reinforce the Breeds at Langans, who, a courier had informed them, were being attacked by marshals. They were headed by little Shell, the head chief of the reservation. Agent Hall succeeded in persuading them to turn back, informing them the others had all surrendered.

* The Japanese are about to commemorate the eleventh centennial of the founding of the city of Kyoto, the Rome of the East, to which city 1,100 years ago the Emperor Kwammu removed the capital from Nagaoka.

THE COAL MINERS.

The Great Strike of 1894 Promises to be Duplicated.

Columbus, May 7.—The Ohio miners officials yesterday issued a circular to their constituency to the effect that it was impossible to agree with the operatives; that no work be done in or around mines except pumping or bailing water; that to secure 60 cents per ton for pick and 36 cents for machine mining all must stand together, none going to work, if offered these prices, until all receive a similar offer.

Temporary Arrangement Suspended

Massillon, O., May 7.—Several of the leading miners here said to-day that if a district rate of 60 cents a ton was offered by the local operators a settlement of the present troubles could be reached. A number of the operators who were interviewed said they could not make a proposition, insisting that they are entitled to pay 9 cents less a ton than the Pittsburg rate. J. P. Pcock and W. K. L. Warwick declared, however, that they would rather close their mines than to ask their men to work for 41 cents if a 50 cent rate is adopted in the Pittsburg field. They were in favor of continuing to pay 60 cents a ton until the Hocking operators fix a state rate, and such a proposition will be submitted to all the operators in the district.

Situation at Pocahontas.

Roanoke, Va., May 7.—A special to the Times from Pocohontas, Va., says the situation is critical and complicated. Nearly all the employes of the Southwest Virginia Improvement company and Browning mines have gone out on a strike. President Bullitt, of the first named company, has issued an address to his employes, saying no reduction has been or will be made in their wages, and that therefore they have no cause for complaint. He says the soldiers have been brought to Pocahontas to preserve the peace and protect such miners that desire to work.

For Importing Pauper Labor.

Wheeling, W. Va., May 7.—Yesterday 28 of the non-union miners applied to the department of charities for transportation to their homes in the South. Director Booth refused to aid them, and announced that he would bring proceedings at once against F. L. Robbins, the coal operator, for importing pauper labor. A similar suit was brought by the late Director Eliot, and he won it.

Represent 26,000 Miners.

Philadelphia, May 7.—The committee representing the 26,000 miners of the Clearfield and Cambria coal district held a conference with Henry Berwind, secretary of the Berwind-White Coal company, yesterday, to arrange, if possible, for a joint conference of all the operators with a delegation of miners, looking to a restoration of the former rates for mining.

NINE CENTS APART.

Ohio Miners and Operators Give It Up.

Columbus, O., May 6.—The joint conference of miners and operators was resumed at Leyndon hall at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, and after a continuous session, which lasted until 1:30 p. m., adjourned sine die, without a conclusion of the vexed question of a scale. It became evident early in the session that the two factions are so wide apart that no probable concession would intervene to adjust the differences.

It was the contention of the operators that the Ohio district is unable to pay a greater rate than 51 cents, owing to the competition in the Pittsburg field. A telegram from F. L. Robbins, of Pittsburg, stated that the miners of that district have agreed to a rate of 60 cents. The Pittsburg rate was formerly 69 cents, and the 51 cents offered by the Ohio operators would maintain the 9 cents differential.

The operators' proposition Saturday was 54 cents, and the miners' 70, a difference of 29 cents, a drop of 19 cents from last year on the part of the operators, and a raise of 10 cents on the part of the miners. The operators went up 10 cents to-day, and the miners came down 10 cents.

Mr. Chapman was anxious for peace, but said it seemed that certain interests demand a low rate, and that no scale could be agreed upon here. The interests demanding the 41 cent rate represented 7,200,000 tons, while those opposed represented 4,700,000. Should the former request be granted it means closing the mines of the small veins, rotting down of tipples, and the miners seeking employment in other fields.

The miners' scale committee and the operators had a brief but profitless final session Saturday night. Neither side would recede from the propositions outlined during the two days' conferences, and after less than an hour's talk an adjournment sine die was taken. The positive immediate effect of this failure to agree is that a strike will be ordered at an early day.

WOOLEY FOR PRESIDENT.

Prohibitionists Will Support the Minnesota Leader in '96.

Boston, May 3.—A movement is on foot among the Prohibitionists of the East to support Hon. John G. Wooley, of Minnesota, as the Presidential candidate of the Prohibition party in the campaign of 1896. It is announced that Mr. Wooley has the support of Miss Frances E. Willard and other leaders of the W. C. T. U., who will strongly support his nomination.

San Francisco's Famine Averted.

San Francisco, May 2.—The difficulty between the contractors for supplies and the city of San Francisco, has been adjusted, and the threatened famine in the jails and hospitals has been averted. The contractors have agreed, though with bad grace, to carry out their contracts and furnish the city with supplies. The auditor's theat to refuse to audit their demands for the month covering deeds already furnished them, has brought them to terms. Rather than lose what is now due, they will furnish necessary supplies during the next fortnight at least.

Joint Debate on Silver.

Chicago, May 6.—Secretary Meagher, of the Silver League club, has written to Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, announcing that ex-Congressman Bryan, of Nebraska, has consented to meet the professor in public joint debate in Chicago on the silver question. Mr. Bryan suggests the 19th or 11th of May, but if inconvenient will make it the 6th of June.

Ruined by Politics.

Butte, Mont., May 7.—Simon Jacobs, city treasurer of Butte for five years and clothing merchant, blew out his brains yesterday in a mine shaft here. His term expired yesterday. It is understood there is a shortage in his accounts of between $12,000 and $15,000.

Three earthquakes were felt on May 1 at Chiotchesz, Turkey.

Money, Crops, Trade.

NEW GRAIN DESTROYER.

Insect Called the Aphis Ravaging the Wheat Farms of California.

Stockton, Cal., May 6.—The farmers of San Joaquin and adjoining counties in the great California wheat belt are complaining about the ravages of a new grain destroyer. It is supposed to be the aphis, an insect belonging to the Hemiptera family. Many hundreds of acres of late sown wheat are affected, and the crop will be greatly shortened. The insect attacks roots and leaves a web or film about each separate root, destroying the plant. After the aphis has attacked a field, the grain ceases growing and the blades color very similar to rust. Reports from Stanislaus county indicate that the farmers suffer more than those of San Joaquin county.

Southern Boom Last Month.

St. Louis, May 3.—The Southern Trade, a journal printed here, devoted to the general interests of the South, will in its columns to-day give an account of 381 new enterprises inaugurated or projected in the South during the month of April. In the list are 31 cotton mills, 27 electric plants, 25 telephone systems, 19 mines, 15 water works, 10 ice manufacturing plants and 257 of a miscellaneous character.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., May 7, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	May 7.	April 30.
U. S. new 4's, coupons	121	121¼
U. S. new 4's, reg	121	120¾
U. S. 5's, coupons	115½	116¼
U. S. 5's, registered	115½	115
U. S. 4's, coupons	112⅝	112¼
U. S. 4's, registered	112⅝	111½
U. S. 2's, registered	97	95
Pacific 6's of '95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat opened higher to-day on bullish Kansas state crop report, but the advance was soon lost on reports of good rains in the central states and on the bulge there was free selling. For a time there was a strong downward tendency, but when Bradstreet's report came showing a decrease in the world's visible of 4,104,000 bushels as compared with 2,250,000 last week, the markets became livelier and a sharp advance was established. July wheat sold actively.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 153,886 bushels; flour, 36,968 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 320,222 bushels.

Receipts in the Northwest, 148,679 bushels with 389 cars on track. On track same day last year, 328 cars.

Cables opened weak, but closed firmer.

Pork at Chicago for July delivery opened at $11.95 and closed at $11.95.

Estimated receipts of Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 20; corn, 105; oats, 125.

A Kansas state crop report for May makes winter wheat area sown 4,054,137 acres, or 11 per cent. less than the area sown last year. By unfavorable weather 33 per cent. has been rendered practically worthless, and, at least, 47 per cent. will be planted another crops.

Corn was active for July, and prices worked with wheat. Receipts at Chicago were less than estimates. At Chicago May corn opened at 49 3-8@49½c, fell to 49 1-8@49 1-4c and closed at 50 3-8c; July corn, 49 1-4c, 49 3-8c, then 50 5-8c. At New York July corn opened at 54 5-8c, fell to 54 1-2c, and closed at 55 3-8c asked.

Prices of wheat to-day:

May.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	66⅞	67	66⅞	67
Chicago	61¾	62⅝@62¾	60¾	62⅝@62¾
St. Louis	64⅛	b65¼	64⅛	b65¼
July—				
Toledo	64⅝	65¼	64⅛	65¼
Chicago	62¾	63⅝@63¾	61	63¼@63⅜
New York	67⅝	67⅝	66¾	67⅜
St. Louis	63¼	62	60½	61¾@61¾

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Active, Higher.

As compared with yesterday, cash wheat is up 1-2c. May 1c, and July 1 3-8c up. Trade active for future delivery. Market closed firm.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 66 1-2c; No. 3 soft red, 66c.

May wheat, 66 1-2@67c; June, 64 3-8c, 64 1-4c, and to close, 65 1-8c; August, 63 1-2c, 63 3-8c, then 64c.

Corn—Dull, Steady.

Corn received but little attention; No. 2 worth 50c; No. 2 white, 50c; July, 50c; No. 3 white, 49½c; No. 2 mixed and 33c for white.

Rye dull; No. 2 Lake Shore, 68c; July, 59½c.

Clover seed dull; No. 2 about $5 60; October, $5 17½@5 20.

F. N. Quale reports street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 65c; No. 2 white, 65c; corn, 45c; oats, mixed, 31c; white, 33c; rye, 55c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade was fairly good this morning. Butter steady. Eggs hold well at quotations. Vegetables keep at about previous prices, although a little more plentiful. Dressed meats a little easier. Fruits in demand and firm. Jobbers' prices are:

Butter—Ohio and Western, best grades 18@20c; dairy rolls, best, 14@18c; fair quality, 12@13c.

Eggs—Freshly gathered, 11½c.

Vegetables—Radishes, dozen bunches, 20c; vegetable oysters, dozen, 25c; bunch onions, dozen, 7@9c; spinach, bu, 40@45c; asparagus, bu, 60@70c; lettuce, lb, 7@9c; potatoes, bu, 60@65c; car lots on track, 60@65c; beets, bu, 40c; carrots, bu, 25c; parsnips, bu, 30c; onions, obl, bu, 40c; Cabbages, Florida, bbl, $5 00@6 00; dried fruits, lb, apples, 4@6c, peaches, evaporated, lb, 7@8c; sun-dried, 5@6c; beans, hand-picked, bu, $1 75@1 80; hand-picked medium, $1 70@1 75; hand-picked marrow, $2 30@2 35; unpicked country, $1 00@1 50; cucumbers, doz, $1 00@1 20.

Timothy Seed—According to quality, $2 30@2 70.

Straw—$4 00@4 50.

Hay—Timothy, $9 00@9 50; clover, $8 00.

Corn—Ear, 60c per bu; shelled, bu, 44c.

Mill Feed—Bran, $17 00; middlings, $18 00; shorts, $17 00.

Flour—Spring wheat patents, $4 00; winter wheat patents, $3 00.

Fruits—Apples, bu, $2 50@3 50; oranges, box, $2 00@2 50; pineapples, doz, $1 50@2 50; strawberries, quart, 20@25c; lemons, box, $3 50@4 00.

Oil Meal—Old process, per ton, $30 00.

Wool—Unwashed, 8@12c; washed, 14@16c; tallow, 4½@4¾c.

Hides—Green, heavy, 6c; light, 7½c; cured, heavy, 7c; light, 6½c; calf skins, lb, 10c; dry salted, 10½c; bulls and No. 2's, 6c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs, $5 20@5 30; beef, lb, 4½@7½c; calves, 5½@6c; mutton, lb, 7½@8c; spring lambs, lb, 10c.

Salt Meats—Mess pork, $12 50; light mess, $12 50; short clear, $13 50; hams, sugar-cured, lb, 9@10c; breakfast bacon, 9½c; shoulders, 6c.

Poultry—Chickens, lb, dressed, 10c; old fowls, 9c; turkeys, dressed, 10@11c; ducks, 8@9c; capons, 12½@14c.

Petroleum and Products—Prime white Ohio state test, 7½c; water white, 9c; solver light, 9½c; headlight, 150 test, 9½c; cocene, 12c; 63 test naptha, 10½c; 76 test gasoline, 12c; blue blaze, 8c.

Oils—Linseed, raw car lots, per gallon, 57; old process, car lots, 58c; in barrel lots, 60c; boiled oil, 63c per gallon; lard oil, extra W. S., 51c; extra No. 1, 57c; No. 1 oil, 37c; No. 2, 32@34c; neatsfoot, extra, 65c; No. 1, 45c.

Grain and Produce.

New York, May 7.—Butter—Receipts, 5,587 pkgs; market steady; western dairy, 7½@12½c; western creamery, 12@18c; Elgins, 18c. Eggs—Receipts, 9,597 pkgs; market weak; western, 12@13c.

Sugar—Raw strong; centrifugal 96 test, 3½c; refined strong; granulated, 4 5-16@4¾c. Coffee quiet.

Chicago, May 7.—Close—Wheat—May, 62¾@62⅞c; June, 62⅝@62¾c; July, 63½@63¾c; September, 65¾c. Corn—May, 42½c; July, 50¾c; September, 50⅝@50¾c. Oats—May, 28½c; June, 28½c; July, 28¾c; September, 28¾c. Mess pork—May, $11 80; July, $11 85. September, $12 15. Lard—May, $6 52; July, $6 65. September, $6 80. Short ribs—May, $5 97; July, $6 07. September, $6 20@6 22. Cash—